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JANUARY 12, 1976

TIME

A color photograph of a woman with dark, voluminous hair, wearing a bright red, ruffled dress. She is looking upwards and to the right with a pained or tearful expression. To her left, a man in a dark suit and tie is looking at her, his hand raised in a gesture. The background is a dimly lit room with wood paneling. The entire cover is framed by a thick red border.

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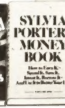
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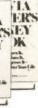
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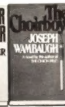
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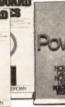
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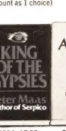
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for Yale
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his course might entail.
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certain to fail."



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Pick up your week.
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FORUM

Picking the Bones of Hoover

To the Editors:

You are no better than the Russians. You take a onetime national hero, J. Edgar Hoover (Dec. 22), and after he is dead, you dig him up and bury him in a different grave.

Alfred D. Dobson
Manasquan, N.J.

Hurray—at last! Why now, after his death? Out of fear?

H. Robert Lind
New York City

Where was TIME for over 30 years?
Grayce Torosian
Johnson City, N.Y.

I am astounded that you should stoop to pick the bones of J. Edgar Hoover.

John J. Bradley
Wilmington, Del.

You can call me "Archie Bunker" and cram the Bill of Rights down my

beling is character assassination, alienation and damage done to snooper and snoopee alike.

Loren G. Burt, M.D.
Alma, Mich.

I imagine that the only thing that could save Hoover's reputation with most of the press would be the discovery that he was a homosexual and a crypto-Communist.

A. Culver Gordon
Wayne, N.J.

In your story about J. Edgar Hoover, I am identified as an "outraged defender" of Mr. Hoover's. You quote me as having said that Hoover "had only one motive. That was to make the FBI the finest investigative agency in the world." To the best of my knowledge, I never made that statement, and if I did I was clearly wrong.

One of Mr. Hoover's motives was to build "the finest investigative agency in the world," but certainly many of the things he did had to come from far less admirable instincts. Because this is so obvious, I saw little use in joining the chorus of self-righteous decriers of Hoover's actions before the Church committee. Instead, I have recommended that we never again place that much power in one man's hands, as inevitably the results will be the same or worse.

William D. Ruckelshaus
Washington, D.C.

One of the victims of President Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre, former Deputy Attorney General Ruckelshaus served as acting Director of the FBI early in 1973.

I'll bet you could do a real hatchet job on Abraham Lincoln or St. Francis.

William Helme, M.D.
Paradise Valley, Ariz.



throat, and in theory, at least, I'd probably agree with you. But I'm one American who was glad to have had Hoover instigated FBI surveillance and harassment of such groups as the Black Panthers and the S.D.S.

Douglas King
Toledo

What good does it do for us to be protected from criminals if our leaders take away our liberties?

Dan G. Kent
Plainview, Texas

Heterosexual, homosexual, asexual or whatever—when will we learn it is not really relevant? Unlike Hoover, we keep our noses out of other people's bedrooms? The only result of such snooping, finger pointing and sexual la-

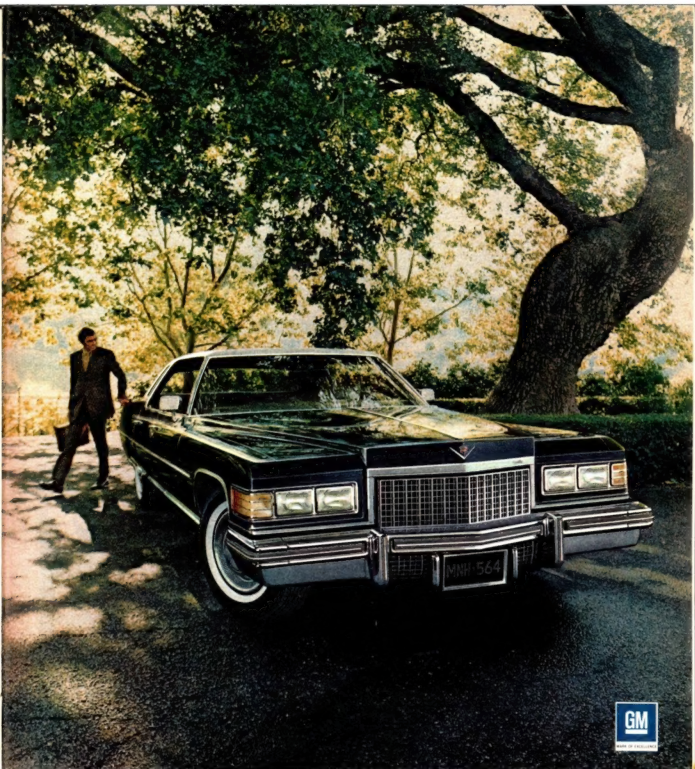
Madam President?

Your Essay, "New Places to Look for Presidents" [Dec. 15] is filled with your choices of "the best people to be considered for the presidency." Why didn't you point out that many of our best people are women?

Marilyn Seiger
New York City

Let us use the Electoral College as it was intended. Elect these men and let them screen applicants for the presidency. Maybe then we would see men of high qualifications apply rather than B-movie actors and football linemen.

Laurence Wellikson, M.D.
Irvine, Calif.



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FORUM

Has anyone thought of looking in a haberdashery for a President?

Keith L. McCullough
Royal Oak, Mich.

I am sure that Robert Louis Stevenson would have enjoyed reading the Essay, for he penned the following words: "Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary."

David Freeman
Pittsburgh

Father Ford

I was fascinated by Cartoonist Conrad's portrayal of Father Ford bestowing a penitential blessing on a kneeling and presumably shriven New York City [Dec. 22]. I wonder if Conrad knows that he has the President of the United States giving the Boy Scout sign and not the ancient Christian gesture (index and middle fingers only) of God's peace. Intentional or unintentional, the bonus of that extra finger for New York serves to heighten the humor.

George S. Rigby Jr.
West Chester, Pa.

Rampant Breeding

Hunger induces women in the Third World [Dec. 22] to produce from eight to ten children with the assumption that

only three will live to become breadwinners. The idea that the circle can be broken with family-planning measures is a fantasy of the rich world.

John Grace
Monclair, Calif.

In my father's house there were eleven of us—not enough food most of the time. In my house, only four of us—more than enough food.

It is as simple as that.

Nicias P. Reckas
Pleasanton, Calif.

Saudi Arabia, with 85% illiteracy, has the largest trade surplus in the world, while the U.S. has only 2% illiteracy but the largest deficit. Perhaps we had better learn something fast before they get educated over there.

Thomas Lee Harris
Wilson, N.C.

With regard to your comment that the gains from the Aswan Dam have been swallowed up by Egypt's population, it should be noted that this project was not an unmitigated benefit. Although the dam made possible the cultivation of 1.3 million acres of formerly arid land, it stands accused of several disasters. The Egyptian Mediterranean fisheries have been virtually wiped out because the nutritional sediment washing downstream that formerly sustained

sea life is now silting up the dam. In addition, salt water is moving upstream in the Delta, eroding farm land or making it saline. There has been an alarming spread of schistosomiasis. Also, a water weed is growing so fast in Lake Nasser behind the dam that it may endanger the hydroelectric function by increasing evaporation from the lake.

George F. Platts
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Israeli Arabs

As you suggest, Tawfiq Zayad's recent election as mayor of Nazareth [Dec. 22] may encourage Israeli Arabs to try to exert political power on a national scale. However, I do not see this as a catastrophe for Israel. In fact, a successful bid for political power by Israel's Arab citizens may prove that Israel's political system works for all her citizens, and that her democratic ideals are honored.

Ronald M. Jacobs
Walton, N.Y.

I was surprised by the heading "Red Star over Nazareth" above your account of Mr. Zayad's victory. Ever since Nasser's well-publicized criticism of Arab Communists in 1959, Israeli-Arab support for the Communists has been nationalistic and not Marxist in nature.

Robert J. Feron
Cambridge, Mass.

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B.B.'s Real Grandniece

While I am full of admiration for Marisa Berenson's pressagent, who scores hits again and again, I must protest the continued reference to Miss Berenson as the grandniece of Bernard Perry. This is simply not so. She is a distant cousin, and my daughter, Rachel Perry, who is his grandniece, is extremely concerned about the continual repetition of this falsehood.

Bernard Perry
Bloomington, Ind.

Love Letters for Sale

I am not at all sure that any widow of anyone—however prominent—should be guaranteed lifelong comfort at her country's expense simply because of her choice of husband. But if governments are in the business of granting pensions to widows, how terrible it is that Dylan Thomas's wife Caitlin is forced to put her love letters on the block (Dec. 15) while the wives of innumerable official killers can watch TV or play solitaire at their compromised ease.

Lydia Edison
Elk, Calif.

Off-Road

It is a pity that Correspondent DeVoss never looked carefully at the "lifeless mesquite moonscape" he was helping to destroy in "115-m.p.h. Madness" (Dec. 22). The American deserts are among the last wild areas remaining in the United States. These beautiful, fragile environments are now being laid waste by the mindless operation of off-road vehicles.

Mark A. Wilson
Wooster, Ohio

The "lifeless mesquite moonscape" is lifeless only to those whose 115 m.p.h. does not permit them to see beyond their "amber cloud of dust." To the rest of us, an abundance of specialized life forms provides opportunity for study and quiet reflection—a re-creation of mind and body that often conflicts with the tumultuous pursuits of off-roads.

Stanley L. Cummings
Academic Director, Yosemite Institute
Yosemite National Park, Calif.

Glad, Not Sad

In the modern tradition of perceiving "half empty" rather than "half full," you've overlooked the fact that if the U.S. misery index is 14.5 (Dec. 22), the happiness index must surely be 85.5.

Wayne Smith, News Director
WWYN Radio
Erie, Pa.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Episode at Wounded Knee

At least 146 Sioux—men, women and children—died in the Seventh Cavalry's crossfire on that frozen December morning in 1890 at Wounded Knee, S. Dak. Now the Army says the event was not a "massacre." Instead, it was an "unfortunate episode" in which an Indian fired the first shot as the cavalry tried to disarm Chief Big Foot's band for their return to the Pine Ridge reservation. Besides, 25 soldiers died in the fight and at least 33 were wounded.

The Army version was prepared by retired Brigadier General Conrad D. Philo, working as a claims lawyer for the Army Judge Advocate General's office. He offered his 23-page report in opposition to a Senate bill that would pay \$3,000 to the descendants of each Indian killed or wounded in the battle.

The Army seems correct in its argument that the carnage was not premeditated—too many soldiers, mingling with the Sioux, were in the line of fire. Historians differ about just what set off the bloodletting: A scuffle over a brave's rifle, or perhaps a medicine man defiantly throwing some dirt in the air? But anyone reading Philo's document may hear a now familiar tone of self-justification and self-excuse: "...excesses occurred... the actions of inexperienced, untested troops who were carried away in the heat of battle..." As for the word massacre, Indian Historian Dee Brown (*Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*) declared that "when you fire on defenseless women and children with Gatling guns, I don't know what other word you'd use."

An Ounce of Caution

On New Year's Day a new California law went into effect that sharply reduces the penalties for possession of marijuana. Now anyone caught with less than an ounce of grass will be given only a traffic ticket-type citation and a possible fine of up to \$100.

The law demands a peculiar kind of precision from police officers, namely a certainty about how much grass makes an ounce. A Los Angeles importer says he has sold several thousand pocket-size scales from Hong Kong to various police departments. In Los Angeles, the scales will be standard patrol-car equipment. San Francisco police,

however, are relying on the less scientific rule that an ounce of marijuana is the amount that can be cupped in both hands without spilling any. Sacramento sheriff's deputies judge an ounce by how much will fit into a plastic sandwich bag, a traditional dope-sellers' measure. Many marijuana users are taking no chances. "Head shops" report brisk sales of the pocket scales (\$1.50 retail) to users who want to weigh in just below the one-ounce limit.

No Kissing, Please

As part of the frozen frivolities of the winter carnival in St. Paul, respectable citizens traditionally dress up in red devil costumes, smear their faces with coal-black grease paint and ride around town on a fire engine. The revelers, collectively known as "Vulcanus Rex and his Krewe," then swarm into offices and stores, firing blank cartridges from pistols and grabbing every woman in sight for a smuggy kiss.

Not this year—or at least not so "Vulcanically." One unamused woman last year resisted a Krewe member's kiss and, after he persisted, took her grievance to the St. Paul human rights commission. She argued that the exchange of sooty kisses should be limited to consenting adults. So, when the carnival opens later this month, new rules will be in force. Only one Vulcan will be allowed to fire off blanks. No kissing will be permitted—only a messy smudging of the cheeks and only with consent.

Empty Prize

When Evergreen School District officials in Vancouver, Wash. were notified that their new Riverview Elementary School had been selected as a finalist for an architects' award as the best designed school in the nation, they were bemused. Drawings, blueprints and photographs of the school will be hung at a meeting of the American Association of School Architects in Atlantic City next month, and a winner will be selected. There is, however, one problem with Riverview. The district's beleaguered taxpayers last spring voted down a \$3.6 million bond issue to pay for operating the school. Result: its playground is still an unplanted sea of mud, its windows boarded up. In fact, the new \$1.9 million building may be the best designed school that never opened its doors for classes.



BODIES LYING BEHIND SHATTERED WINDOWS AT

CRIME

The La Guardia

Just as the new year was about to begin, just when Americans were hurrying home to celebrate, the searing instant of destruction occurred, with no warning and no explanation. It turned New York City's La Guardia Airport into a bloody ruin, killed eleven people and injured 51 others. Appalled by the act, President Gerald Ford ordered an immediate study by federal officials to try to prevent such tragedies from happening again (see box). There was immediate speculation that some terrorist group must be involved, and that what has come to seem a worldwide epidemic of political terrorism had brought its contagion to America's greatest city. But in the absence of the usual boasts by the bombers, police spent the week sifting through charred debris and ended nearly as baffled as they had been at the start. Said Lieut. Kenneth W. O'Neil, commander of the New York police bomb squad: "If this is political activity, it has gone for naught because we have had no one authentically claim the act... So they have killed for no reason whatever."

Children's Toys. At 6:30 p.m. on Monday, the baggage area at La Guardia shared by Trans World Airlines and Delta Airlines was bustling with excitement. It was one of the busiest periods of the day—four TWA planes had landed within the past 50 minutes—and the lounge was crowded with passengers. Through the 10-ft.-tall plate-glass windows fronting on the street they could see earlier arrivals waiting for taxis and limousines. In an area beyond stood four giant replicas of children's toys—two wooden soldiers and two peasant girls—that were part of the airport's festive Christmas decorations.



LA GUARDIA AIRPORT AFTER BOMB BLAST



HASTILY WRAPPED, OTHER VICTIMS ARE LAID OUT IN AREA NEAR DISASTER SITE

Blast: 'My God It Was Terrible!'

Outside the terminal, about 400 feet away, an artist named Enoch L. Stamey, 38, could see his breath in the cold night air as he waited for a limousine to take him up to Woodbridge, Conn. In the building, Edythe Bull, an energetic, 72-year-old nature lover and retired research director of Keep America Beautiful, had just missed her limousine to Wilton, Conn., where she was meeting a friend with whom she was about to embark on a trip around the world. They were looking forward eagerly to taking an elephant ride in the Himalayan Mountains. Resigned to wait, Miss Bull bought a limousine ticket from Edgar Cooper, 38, who was also there by chance. Normally, Cooper worked at a booth in the American Airlines section,

but he was filling in here for the day.

The crowd getting ready to leave La Guardia included Ronald Presslaff, 33, who was on his way home to Long Beach, N.Y., after having attended a Christmas family reunion in Indianapolis, and Donald Kochersperger, 57, a mining engineer returning to Greenwich, Conn., after a short business trip to Milwaukee. A limousine driver named Frank Musicaro, 48, was placing a call on his tie line to Dispatcher Jeanne McDonald. "I got my Wantagh passenger," he said. "Where do you want me to go next?" She was about to answer when there was a brilliant white light and a deafening thunderclap in the terminal. The dispatcher heard the explosion clearly over the phone. "Frank-

RAVAGED INTERIOR OF BAGGAGE AREA



A TEMPORARY COFFIN CONTAINING A BODY IS REMOVED FROM THE SCENE





ONE OF LA GUARDIA'S 62 EXPLOSION VICTIMS BEING LIFTED INTO AMBULANCE BY RESCUE WORKERS

iel, Frankie!" she called. "Are you there? Are you there?"

But Frank Musicaro, Edythe Bull and all the others were dead or dying. The explosion, which had roughly the force of 25 sticks of dynamite, tore a hole about twelve feet wide in the ceiling, which was made of a slab of concrete eight inches thick and reinforced by steel. It shattered the row of lockers and blew out 360 ft. of plate-glass windows. Driven like bullets, jagged pieces of metal and shards of glass slashed through the crowds.

Flying Glass. The effect was devastating. Pieces of bodies hurtled through the air. One elderly woman's arms were hanging by shreds of skin. A man lying on the ground kept identifying himself as a doctor and asking for help with his injured leg. To make matters worse, the fire-control sprinkler system—ripped open by the blast—drenched the victims who were lying around the baggage area. Slowly the water began to turn red with gouts of blood. One bystander, Calvin Hill, reached down to prevent a prostrate woman from drowning. "She was all torn apart," he said later. "She was dead." Several survivors remember seeing a woman's severed head resting on a ledge. "My God," said one man who escaped unhurt, "it was terrible!"

Many of the victims, like Stamey, were cut down by flying glass or metal, although they were hundreds of feet away from the site of the blast. The traf-

TWA STEWARDESS LAWRENCE (FOREGROUND) AT HOSPITAL
A searing instant of destruction.

fic island in the roadway outside the terminal became stained with blood. Many of the survivors went into shock. Two elderly ladies staggered unhurt from the terminal, flagged down a cab, and asked to be taken to Freeport, L.I., 16 miles away. Said the sympathetic cabbie: "They cried all the way."

Lights flashing and sirens screaming, ambulances began fighting their way through the heavy traffic to reach the scene. Most of the victims were taken to Elmhurst Hospital, 2.3 miles away, where teams of surgeons worked frantically to save lives. Marine Pvt. Ricardo Sealy, who had been waiting for a

flight to his base at Cherry Point, N.C., lost one foot in the explosion; the other was amputated at the hospital. Out in the hallways, bundles of bloody clothing were left lying about in the confusion. One by one, the lightly injured began reappearing in the dreary lobby, some with face wounds that had been hastily sewed up and left unbanded. The effect of the blast was so stunning that they had trouble remembering what had happened. TWA Flight Attendant Kathy Lawrence, 20, who suffered a gash on her chin, tried to answer questions, but she had a blank stare of terror in her eyes.

Sodden Debris. Wearing orange coveralls, members of New York City's bomb squad sloshed through the bloody water in the baggage area the next day, collecting the casual detritus of such disasters: a paperback copy of James Michener's *The Source*, a pair of ski poles, a velvet slipper. Overhead hung a jungle of twisted pipes, electrical wires, dangling slabs of insulation. The men picked up pieces of torn metal from the lockers and painstakingly reassembled them in a nearby area. Working with FBI agents, they set up wire-mesh screens and sifted through the sodden debris, looking for evidence that might lead them to the bombers. The experts were able to reassemble the lockers well enough to be sure that the explosive had been in the second locker from the right in the middle row. But the force of the explosion was so strong that at first it appeared to have obliterated all clues. The experts were not even sure what kind of explosive was used, let alone who might have planted the bomb. "We may never put the picture together," acknowledged Bomb Squad Commander O'Neil as the work began.

To solve the mystery, the FBI assigned 300 men and the New York po-

lice 200 to the case. Initially there were rumors of involvement by violent political groups like the Palestine Liberation Organization (which quickly denied it). One group that naturally came under suspicion was the Puerto Rican Armed Forces of National Liberation (F.A.L.N.), which had claimed responsibility for exploding the bomb at historic, 18th century Fraunces Tavern in New York City on January 24, 1975, a blast that killed four and injured 53.

With so little to work on, the agents paid special attention to a telephone call made to police by a young woman about 40 minutes after the blast. She reported having overheard two men in a phone booth saying, presumably to police, that a bomb had been planted in the airport. Then, reported the police, a second, older female voice interrupted the girl and

declared that they did not want to get involved. With that, the callers abruptly hung up. Studying the tapes of the conversation, language experts claimed that both women were Puerto Rican, which raised suspicion that there might be some kind of connection with the Puerto Rican terrorist group. But police also said that they had no record of any warning phone call of the kind the girl described.

Solid Clues. Conceivably the explosion could have been a mistake. A terrorist group might have planted the bomb with the intention of phoning in a warning, only to have it go off too soon. Or just as conceivably, the device could have been set by some lone madman for reasons of his own. Police began checking former airline employees who might bear a grudge against their old

employers, people who have lost relatives in airline crashes, and the beneficiaries of insurance policies carried by anyone at the scene.

At week's end the investigators began to turn up some solid clues. The FBI determined that the explosive was a high-powered plastic substance usually associated with professional terrorists. The police announced that they had found pieces of a timing device and a battery. What was more, it was disclosed that a man claiming to be the head of the F.A.I.N. called the New York police to say that his organization had committed the crime. The leads were promising, but they were still only leads. As 1976 began, the FBI and the police were still trying to pin down for sure who had turned the holiday season into a tragedy for so many people.

The Search for Safety

Just a few hours after the La Guardia bombing, President Ford ordered federal action to make certain that such a tragedy does not happen again. Specifically, he assigned a task force, headed by Transportation Secretary William Coleman, to draw up recommendations for tightening airport security. Coleman hoped to have them on Ford's desk within two weeks. It would be no easy task, though, to determine whether any of the 1.1 million passengers who enter the nation's 425 main airports each day was carrying a bomb. "A bag is a bag," confessed one perplexed FBI official, "and in the luggage rooms everything looks alike."

In the immediate aftermath of the La Guardia bombing, many airports took their own emergency measures. Washington, Chicago, Minneapolis and San Francisco temporarily closed down most or all of their locker areas. At Washington National Airport, a bomb threat came within hours after the La Guardia explosion, and guards used specially trained dogs to sniff out potential explosive devices. Virtually every major airport expanded its security forces; in the case of one airline, the increase was as much as 25%.

Officials had long worried over the mounting number of weapons being brought into airports. In 1972, 1,313 firearms, mainly handguns, were confiscated. Last year that figure jumped to about 5,200. Thirteen explosive devices were found at airports in 1972; in 1975, 156 were discovered. In addition, a sinister array of knives, brass knuckles and clubs were found either on individuals or hidden in luggage, washrooms and potted plants.

At Lambert-St. Louis International Airport, bomb threats have become so common (they average five a month; one closed the airport

for an hour last week) that teams of experts using a dog can check the entire airport in 15 minutes. Nonetheless, experienced personnel were extra cautious last week. Passengers who left their bags for a moment to buy a newspaper or take a drink of water sometimes returned to find them seized. And skycaps at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, the world's busiest, got strict instructions not to check baggage through unless a passenger could produce a ticket.

"Nobody feels secure," explained John Carr, acting manager at O'Hare. "We're skittish about everything. We are doing everything we can with our experience and background—but just what are you looking for?"

Traditional metal-detecting devices sometimes fail to spot modern bombs, which often have nonmetallic, acid-filled starters. The new devices that experts are developing include X-ray detectors that can more accurately locate a

bomb without seeing it, an electronic sniffer that picks up the vapors emitted by dynamite, and a device for creating an electronic field that could cause certain explosives to emit an identifiable beep. On less exotic levels, officials are considering placing all lockers in a secured area, as Los Angeles did after a 1974 blast killed three people, or banning them altogether, as London has done.

But "a determined terrorist can penetrate any security," warns Jordan Booth of the sheriff's department in Michigan's Wayne County. Short of airport officials' requiring every person entering an airport to carry an identity card or stopping everyone at the airport gate to check his person or his baggage—which in some cases would involve more than 100,000 people a day—some risks will continue to be run. Ira Lipman, whose Memphis firm provides security forces for a number of American airports, asked the basic question: "Can anything be 100% secure?"



SNIFFING FOR EXPLOSIVES AT WASHINGTON AIRPORT



FORD WITH TOP ADVISERS WILLIAM SEIDMAN, JAMES LYNN, RICHARD CHENEY, JOHN MARSH & ALAN GREENSPAN ON LAST DAY OF 1975

THE WHITE HOUSE

Hoping to Win by Working on the Job

Official Washington last week was a relaxed capital, suspended in highly unofficial reveries between two holidays. Congress was on vacation. For part of the week, President Ford was skiing in Vail. Then, like many a middle-aged, Middle American couple, Betty and Jerry Ford welcomed the New Year by sitting at home in front of their television set, sipping champagne and swaying gently to the mellow music of Guy Lombardo. On New Year's Day, the Fords invited some of their Midwestern friends—Michigan Senator Robert Griffin, Wisconsin's John Byrne and Melvin Laird, Minnesota's Clark MacGregor and their wives—to a White House dinner. The point of the informal gathering was to watch Ford's alma mater, the University of Michigan, uphold the Midwest's football prestige by thumping the University of Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl. But Michigan lost, 14 to 6.

At Ease. Losing is not a habit the President wishes to cultivate in the new year. By his own admission, he faces a stiff challenge in the approaching presidential primary elections from former California Governor Ronald Reagan. But Ford called 23 Washington correspondents and columnists into his Oval Office for an effective low-key press conference at which he conveyed his optimism about his personal fortunes in 1976. At ease without live television cameras whirring, both Ford and the reporters avoided the usual press-conference showboating. Ford candidly predicted that he would get his party's nomination and then go on to defeat the opponent he expects to confront as the Democratic candidate: Hubert Humphrey.

Still, forced not the President be almost would to withdraw if Reagan embarrasses him by winning some early primaries? As a log fire crackled, Ford declared confidently: "I like a good

struggle, a good fight. Anyone who forecasts that I am going to quit in mid-stream doesn't know Jerry Ford." In the quiet room, the President's firm voice carried a ring of conviction.

The mood of holiday amiability was such that Ford managed to perform another of his sharp reversals of approach with only minimal questioning. During much of his time in office, Ford had gone flying about the country in his long-tested, but previously localized campaign style. He had made speeches and appeared in parades that seemed more fit for a Congressman than a President. The main result was to cut into the popularity ratings he had achieved after succeeding the discredited Richard Nixon. Last week, without acknowledging that anyone had ever criticized his love of local campaigning, Ford talked as though he had discovered a new political truth. Said he: "The best way to preserve the dignity of the office and the best way, in my opinion, to convince the people that I ought to be the nominee and the President is to work at the job here." Sure, he would go out and campaign in some of the primaries, but he would devote far more of his time to affairs of state.

The campaign plan, Ford aides explained, is to make extensive use of various "advocates" to press Ford's candidacy while the President is busy in the White House. One such spokesman scheduled for heavy duty in New Hampshire and Massachusetts is Elliot Richardson, the incoming Commerce Secretary—and potential Vice President—who is popular in New England. Ford's campaign aides concede that Reagan may inspire dedicated supporters in the campaigning that he will resume this week, but they insist that the Reagan force is relatively small. They intend to concentrate on voter registration and large primary election

turnouts to overcome Reagan's more zealous workers.

When Ford's hour-long conference turned to the sensitive subject of how critics and cartoonists are picturing the President as physically bumbling and intellectually inadequate, he exposed his more human and attractive side. Fleetingly, he dropped the politician's usual nothing-bothers-me stance. "Some of the things you read or hear or see... you know, it kind of hurts your pride a little bit because you know it isn't true," he confided. "But I have long felt that if you keep a high degree of composure and don't get rattled, and have total confidence in yourself, things work out pretty well." Ford added philosophically: "You have to have a sense of humor about this. You have to be a little thick-skinned—and I think that comes from some experience."

Crucial Months. Can Ford convince those many still doubting voters that he is indeed up to the job? The next few months may prove crucial as he unveils his fiscal 1977 budget proposals, sketches his outlines for America's immediate future in his State of the Union address, and at the same time tries to cope with a difficult primary campaign.

Before turning to football on New Year's Day, Ford assumed his more presidential stance by getting in planning sessions with his top advisers, including Alan Greenspan, William Seidman, Paul O'Neill, James T. Lynn and James Cannon. He worked alone on his State of the Union address. He also signed 14 bills and cast his 43rd veto on legislation that would have made the Secretary of the Treasury part of the National Security Council.

There are many who think that Jerry Ford prefers campaigning to the routine of the presidency and that he will be hard-pressed to keep his New Year's resolution to spend more time at his desk in Washington. One not so reassuring sign: this week he will fly to St. Louis for yet another round of speechmaking.

Is there an answer to the smoking question?

Should people smoke? They've been battling that one since the smoking controversy started. Smokers have an answer. Non-smokers have another answer. And the critics of smoking think they have all the answers.

But arguing whether people should or shouldn't smoke isn't going to change anything. The reality is that people do smoke. And they will continue to smoke. No matter what anyone says.

So perhaps a more realistic question would be: what should a smoker smoke?

If some smokers don't want to give up smoking yet find themselves concerned about 'tar' and nicotine, then the critics could well recommend that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. Like Vantage.

And if some of these smokers prefer a menthol cigarette, then the critics could suggest that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine menthol. Like Vantage Menthol.

Vantage Menthol offers smokers all the cool, refreshing flavor they could ever ask for. And at the same time gives them the substantial cut in 'tar' and nicotine they may be looking for.

Now Vantage Menthol isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol around. But anything lower probably compromises the flavor.

So if you smoke a menthol cigarette, we're not going to argue whether you should or you shouldn't. The fact is you do.

And if you want to do something about 'tar' and nicotine, Vantage Menthol could be one answer for you to consider.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

PRIMARIES

Can Anybody Solve the Puzzle?

It's a very, very questionable method of selecting presidential candidates, and actually it never does. All it does is destroy some candidates.

—Adlai Stevenson in 1958

The presidential primary season is growing closer—the first vote will be in New Hampshire on Feb. 24—and twelve declared candidates, ten Democratic and two Republican, are eagerly campaigning for support. But as they jostle for early position, they are encountering a sad fact: the new rules that were supposed to make the primaries more open and democratic have actually reduced the system to a shambles. It seems possible that after the last primaries on June 8, all of the sound and fury will have settled nothing.

Not only have the election regulations become highly complicated, but they are still changing. As Arizona Congressman Morris Udall, one of the Democratic candidates, has said, "It's like being asked to plan for a game in which you don't know for sure what the rules are, or how many players each team will have, or even how large the field will be." Minnesota Senator Walter Mondale, who gave up his hopes for the Democratic nomination after an early trial, heartily agrees. "The system doesn't make any sense at all any more. There's just no excuse for putting a candidate through that kind of hell."

So Complex. One problem is sheer quantity. Only 15 states held primaries in 1952; there were 21 in 1972. This year there will be at least 30. All in all, about three-fourths of the convention delegates will be selected in primaries this year, whereas less than half were chosen that way in 1968.

Most of the rule changes have been made within the Democratic Party. They

are part of the general movement begun in 1964 and accelerated sharply in 1972, to assure women and minorities more delegate seats at the national convention. After those changes angered party leaders and George McGovern lost a lopsided election, the rules were modified to eliminate what had become a virtual quota system of delegate selection. But the resulting rules for conducting state caucuses and conventions were so complex that many state legislatures threw up their hands and decided to hold primary elections instead.

Yet the Democrats also changed the primary-election rules, in an effort to give more candidates and their supporters a better chance of sending delegates to the national convention. They dropped the winner-take-all system and decided that any candidate receiving at least 15% of the statewide vote should get a corresponding percentage of delegates. Much of the current confusion has arisen as state legislatures have tried to translate those national rules into specific election laws.

Some states, for example, have taken advantage of a loophole in the rules and have chosen to elect delegates in each congressional district or, in some cases, in even smaller areas. Any candidate winning a plurality of votes in a district will get all of the delegates from that locality. Each such election is in effect a mini-primary—and each candidate faces the delicate decision of whether or not to enter. A few states, including California, Michigan and Nevada, require a candidate to win only 10% or 5% of the vote, instead of 15%, in order to gain a share of the delegates.

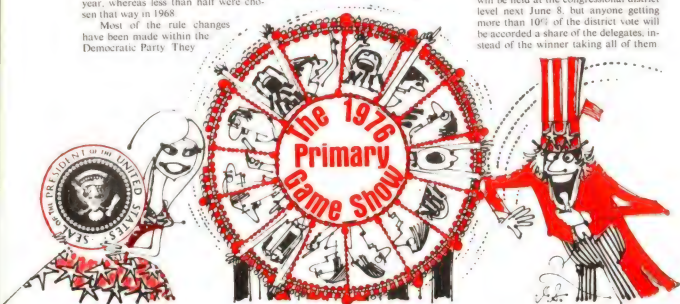
Of the 30 states that have so far decided to hold primaries this year, at least eleven have chosen to do so at the district level. These include six of the largest states: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Texas and New Jersey. This means, according to Robert Keefe, campaign manager for Washington Senator Henry Jackson, "you're going to have hundreds of little primaries all over the country. You have to take each of the districts, one by one, and assess your candidate's strengths and weaknesses, make slates, and run individual campaigns. It's a real can of worms."

Opening the lid on that can means facing a bewildering variety of accommodations to the particular interests in individual states. Some examples:

► In Texas, backers of George Wallace were rebuffed when they sought a statewide primary, in which the Alabama Governor could have expected to pick up many delegates. Instead, the Texas primary next May 1 will be conducted mainly at the level of state-senate districts. This plan was devised by and for Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen, a candidate whose supporters can probably muster a plurality in most of those areas, thus freezing out Wallace.

► In Mississippi, backers of Wallace and the long-entrenched party officials slipped a statewide primary through the legislature. But a heavily black reformist faction, which is recognized by national headquarters, refused to participate. This might have forced a nasty fight at the national convention over which delegates to seat, but Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss organized a compromise under which no Democratic primary will be held at all. Delegates will be chosen instead through joint caucuses of both factions.

► In California, the legislature settled on a hybrid system. The primary will be held at the congressional district level next June 8, but anyone getting more than 10% of the district vote will be accorded a share of the delegates, instead of the winner taking all of them.



This will probably help Wallace gain delegates, but as a national Democratic official complained: "They've eliminated California as an important primary. A totally fragmented delegation will probably emerge, and a fragmented delegation is useless."

► In Wisconsin, Democratic Governor Patrick Lucey authorized the filing of a state lawsuit against the Democratic National Committee in an effort to protect Wisconsin's maverick custom of permitting registered voters of one party to vote in the primary of another. The new Democratic national party rules prohibit such crossover voting. A federal judge dismissed the suit, but the state is appealing.

► The big New York delegation (274 votes) will be selected in a way that typifies the confusion. Three-fourths of the delegates will be chosen in primary elections in congressional districts. In each of these 39 districts, the slate will give only the names of the delegates—not that of the candidate to whom they are committed. Governor Hugh Carey, moreover, is entering a slate of delegates uncommitted to any candidate. The other one-fourth of the delegates will be selected by Democratic State Chairman Patrick Cunningham, a Carey appointee. He is supposed to give each candidate the same percentage of delegates as each wins in the combined 39 districts—but he, not the candidate, names them, and they are required to stick with their assigned candidate through only one ballot at the national convention.

By the time of the final elections, including those of California, New Jersey and Ohio on June 8, many of the candidates may well have run out of the money that they are allowed to spend under the new campaign finance limitations. That law, enacted in 1974, restricts spending to \$10 million (up to \$5 million in federal funds to match what each candidate raises on his own). But the status of this law, too, is uncertain. It has been challenged in the courts on the grounds that it gives an illegal advantage to incumbents, and its limitations on contributions and spending are said to be an unconstitutional limitation on free speech. The Supreme Court, which has permitted a preliminary dispersal of federal funds to eleven candidates, is expected to give its final decision on the entire law this month.

Out of this chaotic and highly unpredictable primary system, professional party leaders expect two results: 1) some potentially able but financially exhausted candidates will be knocked out, and 2) despite all of the agony for so many, no clear-cut winner may emerge. The reforms were designed to give voters greater influence in the choice of a presidential nominee, but the very complexity of the new system may help to return that power to the legendary smoke-filled rooms of a brokered national convention.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

More Powerful Than Atom Bombs

The "old Hoosier horse trader" (as Jerry Ford likes to call Earl Butz) was very pleased a few days ago to hear his Communist counterpart in Rumania say: "You have something more powerful than atom bombs. You have protein."

The Agriculture Secretary naturally agrees. Indeed, his eyes shine as he bites into a cheese sandwich and ruminates on his vision of the American land. From Ohio to the Rockies and from Canada to the high plains of Texas, he says, there is no place like it on earth—the fertile soil, the good growing climate, a topography well suited to mechanical operation, and farmers with the skills and capital to make the most of their opportunity. In the decades ahead, this area and its people—with its rich crops of wheat, corn and soybeans—just may be civilization's most valuable resource, more valuable even than oil and forests and minerals.

In Earl Butz's little study, which has a horse collar, a buffalo skull and other rustic memorabilia on the wall, the Secretary can almost smell the rising power of food in economics, politics and the pursuit of peace. In those 16 Central States with 1,198,848 sq. mi., 223,260,000 acres are in crops worth \$54 billion a year, almost twice as much as the U.S. consumes. This treasury of food is a resource that renews itself each year.

Most people now know that the Soviet Union's greatest (and growing) problem is its faltering ability to feed itself. All of the Russians' missiles and their vast oil reserves could dramatically shrink in importance if their food shortage gets worse. Butz has heard that concern from Leonid Brezhnev himself. And in Iran, awash with oil, officials pleaded with Butz to help them increase their food production. In Cairo and Warsaw and a dozen other capitals where a Secretary of Agriculture used to get a hasty treatment they now roll out the red carpet. Chuckles Butz: "When I come calling with wheat in my pocket, they pay attention."

The food and hunger expert Lester R. Brown says, "The issue is no longer whether food represents power, but how that power will be used." Butz is admittedly a politician as well as an agricultural economist. He would use the power of food more aggressively to restrain the Soviet Union and increase American influence in ravaged areas. Before the President goes abroad, he usually gets a call from old Earl, who just suggests for the umpteenth time that the crops are mighty good back in the heartland.

In this country, as the scent of new money and power spreads, a lot of changes are taking place, and more are expected. The big-oil boys (petro-power, says Butz), who have had their way in Washington for so long, now face a challenge from agri-power. No new farm bloc has formed on the Hill because the new food equation embraces everyone from Wall Street bankers to the hired hand. But if the various interests in food can find common ground, the pressure that such a lobby could bring would dwarf anything seen in the capital so far.


Out in St. Louis, where the American Farm Bureau Federation is meeting this week, they are waiting to hear what Jerry Ford is going to say in a scheduled speech. But they also are going to listen to a treatise on "Agriculture: A Public Utility." That thought—implying close regulation and price controls—scars them to death. They will fight it with their pitchforks if necessary.

In those states of the long horizon and the rich topsoil, the changes are already being felt. Land is up to as much as \$1,500 to \$2,000 an acre. The kids with college degrees are coming back home to the farms. There are more jobs in the small towns. The corporate giants are planning to acquire more land, and some state legislatures, like the one in Iowa, are battling back by setting up corporate-ownership limits to help preserve the family units. It is another drama of change, with potential for pain and fraud, but richer still with portents for renewed American pride.

DAVID S. SCHWARTZ



WHEATFIELDS IN NEBRASKA



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ANGOLA

Now for Some Diplomacy

With the civil war virtually stalemated because of the rainy season, the action in Angola last week shifted to the diplomatic front. Both sides sought to line up support before the Organization of African Unity's emergency summit meeting on Angola this weekend in Addis Ababa.

The strategy of the American-backed coalition of the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.) and National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), which is in danger of losing a long war on the ground, called for an immediate ceasefire and formation of a government of national unity. In addition, UNITA's Jonas Savimbi appealed for an all-African peace-keeping force under O.A.U. control. The Soviet-backed Luanda government of the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.), which has already been recognized by 17 of the O.A.U.'s 46 members, rejected such proposals. Moreover, M.P.L.A. Leader Dr. Agostinho Neto threatened not to go to Addis at all unless the O.A.U. recognized him in advance as Angola's sole leader. At week's end, the Soviet Union, which has come under attack for its support of the M.P.L.A., vigorously denied that it was seeking to establish a naval base on Angola's coast and called for "the termination of foreign armed intervention" in the country.

Holding Off. Washington, still smarting from a pre-Christmas Senate vote to cut off aid to the F.N.L.A. and UNITA, mounted its own diplomatic offensive. William E. Schaefele Jr., the new U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, made a five-country swing through Zaire, Gabon, Cameroon,

Ivory Coast and Senegal. His goals: 1) to prevent any more governments from recognizing the M.P.L.A. before the summit and 2) to round up an O.A.U. majority for a resolution opposing all foreign interference in Angola. He had no trouble convincing Zaire's Mobutu Sese Seko, who has at least 1,000 army regulars fighting with the F.N.L.A. Felix Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast and Senegal's Léopold Senghor also went along. Washington also persuaded Ethiopia to hold off recognition at least until after the summit, on the ground that as host to the O.A.U., it should remain neutral.

The most pressure was put on South Africa. The fact that at least 1,000 South African regulars and mercenaries are fighting alongside UNITA and the F.N.L.A. is the main reason such key countries as Nigeria and Ghana have recognized the M.P.L.A. Washington told Prime Minister John Vorster, in effect, that he was defeating his own purpose by staying involved. In a New Year's message to his country, Vorster appeared to reject the pleas. In fact, he called for a bigger Western involvement in Angola "not only in the diplomatic but in all other fields." Defense Minister Piet W. Botha hinted, however, that South Africa might pull out of Angola in return for a guarantee against incursions by the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), whose Angola-based guerrillas have killed a score of South African soldiers in



M.P.L.A. SOLDIERS WITH CAPTURED AMERICAN SUPPLIES



F.N.L.A. FORCES COOKING AT BATTLEFIELD CAMPFIRE



UNITA SUPPORTERS AT A SAVIMBI RALLY IN HUAMBO



THE WORLD

South West Africa over the past two months. O.A.U. headquarters in Addis rejected such a *quid pro quo*.

Although some slow progress has been made by UNITA forces toward Teixeira de Sousa and Henrique de Carvalho (see map page 17), the military situation on the ground remained relatively unchanged last week. Despite Soviet military aid and the help of 7,500 Cubans, the M.P.L.A. holds only about a quarter of the country. But State Department officials concede that Neto's leftist government has a big lead over the other two factions not only in firepower but in organization and experience. Assessing the three groups, one U.S. diplomat observes: "The M.P.L.A. has the best organization and a lot of people who know how to run things. UNITA has some good people at the top, but not far down. The F.N.L.A. has no good leadership at any level."

By and large, those assessments have been borne out on the battlefield. Although UNITA troops are given good marks for their fighting ability, Savimbi's administration and logistics are a shambles. UNITA battle claims are often embarrassing when not ludicrous. As for the F.N.L.A., its military is so oblivious of civilian suffering that starvation has become widespread. One mercenary who has been to Ambriz, F.N.L.A. Leader Holden Roberto's operations capital of the moment, reported that civilians were evacuated from the town and then simply dumped in the bush and left to their own devices.

Shootout in Huambo. The F.N.L.A.-UNITA coalition is one purely of military necessity—and a tenuous one at that, since the two groups have strong tribal rivalries. The F.N.L.A. is almost totally Bakongo, UNITA almost totally Ovimbundu. In 1961, at the start of the guerrilla war for independence in northern Angola, the Bakongo savagely murdered and mutilated hundreds of the Ovimbundu tribe, which has never forgotten or forgiven.

When Roberto's plane was late arriving for ceremonies inaugurating the two groups' joint government in Huambo last month, UNITA airport officials, tired of waiting, turned off the runway lights and went home. A furious Roberto was forced to return to Kinshasa. Recently there have been fistfights, stone-throwing and open fighting between soldiers of the two allies. In one shootout in Huambo two weeks ago, 25 were killed. Although UNITA and F.N.L.A. commanders meet to plan strategy, there is no joint field command, and no soldier from one movement will take an order from an officer of the other.

In such circumstances, is a government of national unity feasible? No one, obviously, could say for sure. But with an estimated 20,000 dead since hostilities broke out a year and a half ago and a dozen countries now directly or indirectly involved in the fighting, it certainly seemed worth a try.

INDIA

'Ring Out the Old, Ring In the Old'

It is easy to ride a tiger, but not so easy to get off.

An opposition member of India's Parliament cited that familiar saying last week when he was asked to comment on Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's latest steps to preserve her firm rule over India's destiny. At the annual convention of her ruling Congress Party in Chandigarh, 150 miles north of New Delhi, Mrs. Gandhi announced, to no one's great surprise, that she would ask Parliament to prolong the state of emergency she declared last June and to postpone next month's elections for another

year. She said that the emergency was not any other program could be effectively carried out—a claim that opposition MPs scoffed at.

Mrs. Gandhi also insisted that there could be no restoration of civil liberties because of possible foreign influence. Climaxing a torrent of anti-American speeches at the convention, she charged that "some powers that had tasted success in their destabilization game in Chile nurtured similar designs against India." In response to this implicit attack on U.S. policies, Washington officially expressed its "concern and dismay" to New Delhi.

"Mrs. Gandhi genuinely believes that Indian society must be transformed," says one veteran diplomat in New Delhi. "But, all the disclaimers to the contrary, she probably also believes that she is the only person who can do it." For the time being at least, many of India's 600 million people are willing to go along with the Prime Minister. This year's harvest will be good, and prices, thanks to the government's tight money policy and crackdown on black marketers, are down. Moreover, the government announced last week that the emergency had produced one windfall: voluntary disclosures of "black money" (undeclared and untaxed income) have so far amounted to \$1.7 billion. Of that, the government will reap \$350 million in taxes—which will just about wipe out the current budget deficit.

Modest Rebellion. The elite, who since independence have been the stewards—and the main beneficiaries—of Indian democracy, are beginning to feel that the changes of 1975



MRS. GANDHI AT CONGRESS PARTY CONVENTION
Still riding a tiger.

will be permanent, or at least long-lasting. Perhaps the country's most unhappy lot (apart from the thousands who are still being detained without trial) is the now-shackled press. Somnambulant since June, it was stung to modest rebellion by harsh new controls in early December, which among other things abolished the right of newspapers to report parliamentary debate without restriction, a privilege they had enjoyed for 19 years. The result was a rash of mildly sarcastic cartoons. After the Chandigarh announcement last week, the *Indian Express* (whose once virulent criticism of the government has now been effectively brought to heel) came out with one showing two elders holding up a New Year's banner. The message: RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE OLD.

er year. Since the Congress Party enjoys a two-thirds majority in the Lok Sabha (lower house), and since about 30 opposition Members of Parliament are still under detention, both measures will sail through with ease. Although her mandate had seemed assured, Mrs. Gandhi apparently decided that she could not afford to take any chances. Free parliamentary elections in 1976 might well have triggered state elections in Kashmir and Tamil Nadu—two states where opposition forces remain strong. Moreover, in order to hold elections, Mrs. Gandhi would presumably have felt obliged to lift the state of emergency, if only to give a semblance of a free campaign. That she was not prepared to do. If the emergency were lifted, she told the convention, neither her 20-point social and economic pro-

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THE FOXWAGON BY AUDI

A close-up photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a thick fur coat. He is looking slightly to the right and smoking a cigarette. The background is blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting.

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THE PHILIPPINES

The Ten Years of Ferdinand Marcos

When Ferdinand Marcos was elected the sixth President of the Philippines ten years ago, his island nation was in political turmoil. Even his opponents concede that Marcos, 58, has revived the Philippine economy and brought the country safely through a period of "anarchy, public confusion, terror and despair." But the price has been high. Three years ago, Marcos imposed martial law and made himself a virtual dictator. Today an estimated 6,000 political prisoners are still in jail, including former Liberal Party Secretary-General Benigno Aquino Jr., 43, who might have defeated Marcos if elections had been held in 1973 according to the constitution. Last week TIME Correspondent David Aikman interviewed Marcos and his wife Imelda, 46, at Manila's Malacañang Palace and sent this report:

It is after 1 o'clock in the afternoon in the ornate, white stucco Spanish mansion that sits upon Manila's Pasig River. Malacañang's huge second-floor reception hall used to be filled with the guests and functionaries of Spain's colonial governors. Now the great men of Philippine national independence stare down from the walls—Aguinaldo, Quezon, Roxas, Magsaysay. The hall most conveniently serves as a waiting area for the diverse individuals and groups who daily seek audience with the President: Saudi Arabian princes, American bankers, Jaycee delegations—all get their turn and are ushered one by one into the simple, wood-paneled presidential office. Most of the day's visitors have gone, and Marcos, only slightly wearied, is preoccupied by year-end economic projections. Says he, as aides hover around with neat folders of documents: "We thought we were going to have a whopping \$1 billion deficit in the balance of payments, but we have been able to cut it by half. We made an across-the-board budget cut in all departments. Ruthless, but what can you do? There is no other way."

Front Men. When Marcos grins, it is hard to believe that the man could be ruthless. He has charm and accessibility in equal abundance. But his steely quality emerges clearly when he discusses his seizure of absolute power and the imposition of martial law. "I am one of those who felt guilty about the old system," he says. "But I realized I was a captive of it and so did a lot of other people. The [earlier] Presidents seemed to me as if they were just front men for the oligarchs behind

them and, well, I wasn't going to be a front man for anyone. I wanted to reform and bring about a new society." He insists that even opposition leaders urged him to impose martial law in order to prevent chaos.

One of Marcos' curious attributes is his refusal to become emotional or defensive when accused of dictatorial methods. He does not meet criticism or serious problems head-on, but either lets them peter out or attacks them from the side. Thus Marcos has adopted a strangely non-confrontational approach to the Moslem insurgency movement in the southern Philippines. He refused to allow the military an untrammelled hand

40% in Manila during 1974. Real wages have probably declined for working-class urban Filipinos. The 1976 peso has shrunk to a mere 34% of its 1967 value.

Marcos is concerned about economic matters, but not very interested in them. He remains at heart a social revolutionary, a leader almost wistfully in search of what he calls "the internal revolution" in the nation's character. Over a frugal lunch of chicken and vegetables with Imelda and members of his Cabinet, Marcos explained what he wants of his countrymen. "I would like to return the Filipino to what he was before he was altered and modified by the softness of Western and other ways. I would like to see a change of heart and a change of mind. I would like to see a concern for his fellow man."

Brilliant Tactician. Though he is respected and often feared, Marcos does not arouse Kennedy-like adulation among Filipinos. "He is the most brilliant political tactician the Philippines has ever had," grudgingly admitted one businessman who thoroughly dislikes Marcos' "constitutional authoritarian-



PRESIDENT MARCOS IN HIS OFFICE
A mixture of charm and steel.



FIRST LADY IMELDA MARCOS

in putting down the revolt and agreed to recognize the Moro National Liberation Front. Then he undercut its leadership by coaxing Moslem local commanders into surrendering with generous amnesty conditions and promises of "utmost autonomy" in the Moslem areas.

Marcos has eased the conditions for foreign investment in the Philippines, and the country is attracting an impressive series of development loans from the World Bank and the Asian Development Bank. Eight new first-class hotels are pushing skyward all over Manila in preparation for a meeting of the International Monetary Fund in September. The benefits of all the economic gilding, however, have not yet trickled down to the Philippine grass roots. While the gross national product has increased—by an annual average of 7.26% in the past three years—inflation has grown far faster, reaching a staggering

ism." But the businessman added: "He and the top officials can do anything and nobody can stop them."

The statement is true, but Marcos would probably not be offended by it. The contemporary world figure admired most by both Marcos and Imelda is China's Chairman Mao Tse-tung (see story page 22). Reason: Mao, as the President puts it, united "800 million volatile and historically disparate and separated people." Except for the population figure, the phrase could equally apply to the Philippines. Marcos also admires another great historical figure. "What was Napoleon's maxim?" he asks rhetorically. "The art of power is not how to use your friends but how to use your enemies."

CHILE

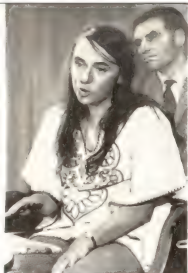
Church Against State

Britain last week recalled its Ambassador to Chile—for an unusual reason: Chilean maltreatment of a British citizen. The citizen was Sheila Cassidy, 37, a surgeon who worked at an emergency clinic in a working-class area of Santiago. Dr. Cassidy had been summoned by a Roman Catholic priest to treat a leftist political fugitive for gunshot wounds in October. She was arrested in November and finally released last week. Upon landing in London, she declared that after her arrest she was stripped by Chilean police, subjected to electric-shock torture and spent 2½ weeks in solitary confinement. Britain's Labor government had previously been restrained in its criticisms of the Chilean junta—a major buyer of British products. But Foreign Secretary James Callaghan denounced the ordeal of Dr. Cassidy. "No British government," he said, "can accept such uncivilized, brutal treatment of a British subject in the hands of a foreign government." At week's end Chile denied that Dr. Cassidy had been tortured.

Tense Face-off. Apart from the diplomatic confrontation between London and Santiago, the case of Dr. Cassidy highlighted one of the central dramas in Chile today: a tense face-off between church and state over the issues of human rights and torture. In the months since the military coup that toppled Salvador Allende, the country's Christian leaders have emerged as the principal opposition to the repressive measures imposed by President Augusto Pinochet and his junta. As a result, priests, nuns and Christian laymen have become the objects of roundups by DINA, the dreaded Chilean secret police.

The government has tried to avoid a fight with the Roman Catholic Church, to which 84% of Chileans belong. Last April, Pinochet privately assured Raúl Cardinal Silva Henríquez, the Archbishop of Santiago, that "things would improve." A conference of the country's bishops agreed to say nothing about the torture of political dissidents. Things seemed to improve somewhat. Political arrests in Santiago decreased from 100 in March to 80 in April. But by August, the monthly arrest figure was up to 141, by September, it stood at 205. The bishops were particularly disturbed by the mounting evidence that Pinochet was not living up to his pledge.

Dr. Cassidy, who has indicated her desire to become a nun and had been sympathetic to Chile's liberal clerics, got involved in the developing church-state conflict almost by accident. Two priests—one an American-born Chilean, Father Gerald Wheelan, 48, and the other a native Chilean, Monsignor Rafael Maroto—had given sanctuary to Martín Hernández and Nelson Gutiérrez, members of a small remnant of the Move-



BRITISH SURGEON SHEILA CASSIDY



RAÚL CARDINAL SILVA HENRÍQUEZ
Emerging as the opposition.

ment of the Revolutionary Left (MIR). Gutiérrez, wounded in a shootout with the secret police, was brought to a convent in Santiago. Monsignor Maroto summoned Dr. Cassidy, who drained abscessed bullet wounds in Gutiérrez's leg. Another priest, Fernando Salas, later smuggled Gutiérrez and a guerrilla companion, María Elena Bachman, into the embassy of the Holy See. Wheelan and Maroto were arrested along with Cassidy; Salas and another priest gave themselves up. All were subsequently released. None of the priests has charged that he was tortured.

Two of the priests were members of the Committee for Peace, an autonomous, church-supported group dedicated to helping political prisoners. Angered, Pinochet asked Cardinal Silva to close down the committee. After the car-

THE WORLD

dinal reluctantly agreed, the government announced an amnesty for political prisoners—which, as it turned out, applied only to those neither convicted nor charged. With at least five of its members still under arrest and with Dr. Cassidy providing convincing evidence that its work with political prisoners is far from over in Chile, the church announced that its mission would continue—this time under the official auspices of individual dioceses.

CHINA

Reaching for the Clouds

China had traditionally celebrated the New Year with firecrackers and dragon dances: 1976, the Year of the Dragon, was heralded in Peking last week with a literary event. Newspapers throughout the People's Republic printed two newly released poems by China's No. 1 revolutionary poet, Chairman Mao Tse-tung. The poems, published one week after the Great Helmsman's 82nd birthday, were written just over ten years ago, as China was about to begin the chaotic Cultural Revolution. It seems likely that their release now was intended to recall some of the fervor but none of the violence of that period.

One of the poems, *Chingkangshan Revisited*, is a characteristically Maoist bit of revolutionary exhortation. "I have long aspired to reach for the clouds," Mao says, as he returns in his mind to the mountainous spot ("our old haunt") in Kiangsi province where his rural revolution got started. His visit reminds him of the vastness of humankind's potential:

*We can clasp the moon in the ninth
heaven
And seize turtles down in the five seas.
We'll return amid triumphant song
and laughter.
Nothing is hard in this world
If you dare to scale the heights.*

The second poem, "Two Birds: A Dialogue," is a sarcastic, earthy blast against what Chinese editorials have long called the "goulash Communism" of the Soviet Union. It depicts a conversation between two birds, one a giant roc that soars over the earth, with "the blue sky on its back," and the other a timid sparrow "scared stiff" in his bush. The world is in chaos ("Gunfire licks the heavens. Shells pit the earth"), and the sparrow wants to escape to "a jeweled palace in Elfand's hills." The roc replies angrily:

*Stop your windy nonsense!
Look you, the world is being turned
upside down.*

Mao's message is clear. While the sparrow—presumably the Soviet Union—hopes for an easy paradise, the roc—a symbol of China—knows matters can be improved only by a revolution that turns the world "upside down."

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JEWISH IMMIGRANTS ARRIVING IN PALESTINE IN 1946 ABOARD REFUGEE SHIP

ISRAEL

A Troubling Reverse Exodus

No country in the world places a higher spiritual and patriotic value on immigration than Israel. In Jewish religious law there is no greater *mitzvah* (commandment) than to return to the land of Zion. Since the birth of the Jewish state in 1948, 1.6 million Jews have settled in the country, and Jerusalem encourages others to come by offering generous financial and moral support. Last week, speaking in New York to the annual convention of the Labor Zionist Alliance, former Premier Golda Meir asked for the *aliyah* (immigration) of 2 million Jews to Israel in the next two years. "It is the one answer the Arabs understand," she said, referring to the constant threat of Arab-Israeli hostilities.

There is a pressing point to that appeal for more immigrants. Israeli officials are troubled about a continuing exodus from the Jewish state. Precise statistics are hard to come by because the stigma attached to emigration is so great that few Israelis who leave the country for good ever declare their intentions officially. Nonetheless, government officials estimate that about 300,000 Israeli Jews—nearly one out of ten—now live abroad.

Dry Bread. The exodus figures loom even larger because of a sudden 50% drop in immigration; that is largely a result of the Kremlin's sharp cut-back in the number of Russian Jews allowed to leave the Soviet Union. Only 8,518 Russian Jews immigrated to Israel in 1975, compared with 16,816 in 1974 and 33,477 in 1973. Jerusalem is just as alarmed by the fact that 40% of new immigrants from Western countries

have returned to their original homelands within five years. Last year a total of 19,000 Jews left Israel, while only 19,700 arrived. This year, the Finance Ministry estimates, at least 16,000 will emigrate—and there are real fears that Israel may lose more Jews than it gains.

About 80% of the expatriate Israelis have gone to the U.S.; perhaps 100,000 of them have settled in or around New York City, and about half as many in Los Angeles. There are other large Israeli communities in Chicago and Boston and, outside the U.S., in Montreal, Toronto, Caracas and Rio de Janeiro.

Those who stay call those who leave *yordim* (from the Hebrew verb meaning to descend) and look down on them as deserters. When Gary Bertini of the Israel Chamber Orchestra became the ninth Israeli conductor to leave the country in the past ten years, an angry music lover wrote to the *Jerusalem Post*: "Is Mr. Bertini eating dry bread here, or is the applause of the Gentiles sweeter to his ears than that of the Israeli Jews?"

Some of the *yordim* reply that they have left for one reason only: greater opportunity. They believe Israel cannot offer the scope, either financially or intellectually, that the émigrés are seeking. Says Columbia University Sociologist Amitai Etzioni, a former Israeli who came to the U.S. in 1958: "In Israel, you deal with Israel. In the U.S., you deal with the U.S. the world—and Israel." Cardiologist Yzhar Charuzi says that his career would have been stunted if he had remained in Israel. "Here I have my opportunities," says Charuzi, now head of the coronary-care unit at Los Angeles' Mount Sinai Hospital.

THE WORLD

"There I have my emotions. If I follow my emotions and my opportunities disappear, then I think that I would find that my emotions would go too. I would have stagnated there. I bless the moment I decided to leave."

Most of the artistic and professional *yordim* vehemently reject the idea that money might be a motive for leaving Israel. Nonetheless, most emigrants not only earn more outside Israel, but they also escape the country's sky-high prices and its increasingly burdensome taxes (*TIME*, Jan. 5). "I'm more prosperous here," says a former auto mechanic who left Haifa ten years ago and now owns a busy Gulf service station in Hollywood. "In business I'm like a dolphin in the ocean. I love it. My roots are still over there. But I guess I feel like Marco Polo. He went all the way to China to make money."

Guilt Feelings. Most of the prodigal Israelis feel embarrassed about having emigrated because of pressure from relatives and friends remaining in Israel. Many American Jews also feel that no good Israeli should leave his country. Leah Harris, a Sabra (native-born Israeli) who married an American, believes "every Israeli in the U.S. has a kind of guilt feeling. We weren't brought up to be deserters."

Still, the *yordim* vacation in Israel, subscribe to Israeli papers, buy Israeli goods and, most important, raise money to send back. They also tend to seek one another's company, sometimes even avoiding American Jews, with whom they may have little in common except their devotion to Israel. Even faith in Judaism is not a strong link: Israelis are often less religious than American Jews.

Since last May, the Jerusalem government has been trying to lure the *yordim* home by offering inducements like government-subsidized mortgages, but the response has been discouraging. Only 1,000 have gone back so far. Moreover, many Israelis who have remained complain bitterly that the returnees have no right to special privileges. Appeals to patriotism may prove more effective. An Israeli poster shows a bleak landscape with thorns on parched earth. The poster reads: WE DON'T PROMISE YOU A ROSE GARDEN.

EGYPT

The Two Faces of Nasser

In Moslem sectors of Beirut, portraits of the late Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser are plastered on hundreds of buildings. No fewer than four separate factions in the Lebanese civil war proudly define themselves as "Nasserite." In Libya, there are almost as many posters of Nasser with his fiery eyes gazing down at the public as there are of the country's mercurial military strongman, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi. Throughout much of the Arab world, in

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fact, the late Egyptian leader is passionately venerated as a modern prophet—but not, curiously, in his own country.

When Nasser died five years ago, his weeping, bereaved countrymen mobbed his funeral by the millions and screamed: "Nasser is Allah's beloved!" Now, though, Egyptians are more likely to revile than revere him. Symbolic of the change in attitude is an increasing number of Egyptian books, articles and speeches that have cast Nasser in the guise of a latter-day Ivan the Terrible, guilty of misrule and injustices. Last month, for instance, Cairo's *al-Akhbar*, the country's most widely read daily, carried an article by aging General Mohammed Naguib, a leader of the 1952 coup that ousted King Farouk, charging that he himself was tortured by sadistic guards during Nasser's rule.

Many of the attacks against Nasser involve his brutal repression of political dissent within Egypt. Publisher Ibrahim Abdou recently completed his third anti-Nasser book; in it he calls Nasser's prisons "more inhumane than Hitler's." In *Communists and Nasserites*, Egyptian Communist Writer Fathi Abdel Fattah tells of leftists imprisoned during Nasser's reign who were not allowed to wear shoes even while being forced to do hard labor in desert areas infested by scorpions and snakes. Another anti-Nasser book, called *Second Grade in Prison* by Mustafa Amin, a prominent rightist who spent nine years in Nasser's jails, charges that 21 political prisoners were murdered in their cells in 1957 simply because they refused to do hard labor.

Chorus of Abuse. Some of the recent attacks on Nasser also challenge his revolutionary credentials. In an *al-Akhbar* article, former Socialist Leader Ahmed Hussein charges that on the night of the anti-Farouk coup, Nasser, then a lieutenant colonel, donned civilian clothes and was sitting in his auto ready to escape if the revolt failed. Only when success seemed assured did he join his fellow officers.

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has so far refrained from joining the chorus of anti-Nasser abuse. Significantly, he has also taken no steps to suppress it. It is no secret in Cairo that Sadat has long felt that Nasser's particular brand of socialism and his costly foreign policy adventures (such as his military intervention in the Congo and Yemen civil wars) blocked Egypt's economic progress. Sadat gradually closed the country's concentration camps; many political leaders imprisoned by Nasser have been rehabilitated and returned to positions of power. Mustafa Amin, who was released from prison in early 1974, is now editor in chief of *al-Akhbar*,

which regularly prints his broadsides against the dead dictator.

Nasser's portrait still hangs beside Sadat's in many government offices in Cairo. Nonetheless, the de-Nasserization campaign in Egypt is likely to accelerate. For one thing, Sadat's pragmatic approach to Egypt's future is quite different from Nasser's inflamed rhetoric and crusading Pan-Arab ideology. For another, Sadat's dramatic foreign policy shift—turning Egypt increasingly toward the West—requires that Nasser's pro-Soviet policies be discredited. In Abdou's recent book, for example, Nasser is denounced for "bringing the Russians into the Mediterranean."

Outside Egypt, however, the veneration of Nasser will continue. Libyans, Palestinians, Syrians and other Arabs are using the memory of Nasser to attack Sadat, who is regarded by the hardliners as soft toward Israel for having signed the second Sinai accord. Conveniently, the radical Arabs forget that even Nasser mellowed somewhat before his death, accepting in principle U.S. peace initiatives and conceding Israel's right to exist in exchange for the territories conquered during the Six-Day War.

FRANCE

Medal Mania

According to one sardonic French saying, half the riders in the Paris Métro wear the Legion of Honor while the other half have applied for the medal. More than most people, the French love to get awards; and last week, at annual awards ceremonies, medal mania was in full swing. The country's most prestigious decoration, the Legion of Honor, was given to 1,500 men and women, including venerable (77) Film Director René Clair and Feminist Writer Louise Weiss, as well as a pop singer, a swimming champion, a truck driver and a physical-education teacher in Brazzaville, capital of the Congo Republic.

In addition, a bewildering array of other government awards was distributed last year. Medals of Meritorious Work were handed out to 200,000 people who have been employed for 25 years at no more than two different private companies. Those who stayed home to stem the decline of France's birth rate were not forgotten. Mothers of five legitimate children received the Bronze

Medal of the French Family. Criteria for winning this award were somewhat less severe for mothers who received gold medals for producing ten children for France, with no questions asked about the fathers.

Pin the Wound. The annual proliferation of decorations has led critics to observe that the government selects winners with the same skill as the blindfold player in a game of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. Periodic attempts to cut back on medal giving, however, have usually failed. True, the Revolution halted the French kings' practice of showering crosses, ribbons, stars, neckpieces, plaques and palms on court favorites, but not for long. Revolutionary Louis de Saint-Just made the bizarre proposal that decorations awarded to those wounded in the revolutionary struggle be affixed to the exact area of the wound.

Napoleon Bonaparte revived medal mania in earnest when he founded the Legion of Honor in 1802. Initially the Legion was supposed to be a corps of distinguished persons rewarded for "services éminents" to France. Says Armand Bourven, Deputy Secretary General of the Legion: "Napoleon wanted a small elite group, but he was flooded with demands for the decoration—as were subsequent leaders of France." As a result, the number of those entitled to wear the Legion's red ribbon soared from 6,000 in 1802 to 280,000 now. Scandals involving medal ped-



PICHERIE—PARIS MATCH

MODEL POSING WITH ARRAY OF MEDALS AWARDED BY FRENCH GOVERNMENT

THE WORLD

ding erupted throughout the 19th century. Premier Maurice Rouvier in 1887 even gave the husband of his mistress the Legion of Honor, presumably for the services *éminents* he had rendered the chief of government by his complaisance.

In recent years the ranks of decoration wearers in France have been swollen by purchasers of secondhand medals in flea markets. The lowest-ranking medal of the Legion of Honor, the "Chevalier," can be bought for \$50 at the French government mint. There are, of course, penalties (up to two years in prison) for wearing unauthorized decorations, but these are seldom if ever enforced. One reason may be that having a medal does not involve much in the way of an earthly reward; the holder of the lowest grade of the Legion of Honor, for example, gets the princely stipend of \$5 a year. On the other hand, the red ribbon sometimes impresses policemen and plumbers, and according to one recipient, "it helps to get better service in restaurants."

No Limit. The last attempt to restrict awards was made by Charles de Gaulle, who abolished 17 government awards in 1963, leaving a mere 102 extant. At the same time, he established the National Order of Merit, known as "the poor man's Legion of Honor." No limit was placed on the number of these awards, and 90,000 have already been given to such people as a carpet-factory foreman, the head of off-track betting and a bicycle-race winner. The bonanza of medals is not restricted to Frenchmen. "During a French state visit to, say, Egypt," notes one French diplomat, "we'll toss out 40 Legions of Honor"—adding that of course the French expect to get that many medals in return.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Armagh: 'This Is I.R.A. Territory'

County Armagh in Northern Ireland is a 512-sq. mi. patchwork of rocky grazing pastures whose southern tip juts 15 miles deep into the Irish Republic. This salient is populated by some 20,000 predominantly Roman Catholic farmers and dairymen, many of whom still resent the untidy mapwork that placed them in the British-ruled North rather than the independent South at the time of the 1921 partition. Armagh is a staging area for gunmen of the Provisional Wing of the Irish Republican Army (Provos), who frequently enter the country from sanctuaries in the Irish Republic to strike at British military targets, then retreat across the border. Since January 1975, 13 British and Ulster soldiers have died as the result of I.R.A. attacks in Armagh, which Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Merlyn Rees, recently described as "bandit country." TIME Correspondent Christopher Byron visited the embattled area and sent this report:

When you drive across the Irish border into County Armagh along the main road to Newry, the first hint that all is not well is the bombed-out rubble of an Ulster customs station. This ruined building and others like it on cross-border roadways have been blasted so many times that the British have abandoned both the shelters and any systematic policing of cross-border traffic. Five miles from the border, along a northbound country road, graffiti in large letters on a stone wall declare what is already apparent: THIS IS I.R.A. TERRITORY. BRITISH GET OUT.

In Armagh's sparsely inhabited countryside, British law begins somewhere above treetop level. There, the army's rule is uncontested, thanks to the whirling Wessex and Scout helicopters that swing back and forth across the terrain, deploying soldiers to hidden observation posts. On the ground it is another matter. Road travel by the 550 British troops in the area is so risky that it has been abandoned: the army either moves about by chopper or does not move at all. Disgruntled British officers claim that their troops are outgunned by I.R.A. forces, which are equipped with Browning heavy machine guns that command a range of 3,000 meters, v. the 1,000 meters covered by the British standard-issue general-purpose machine gun.

Vicious Traps. A favorite I.R.A. tactic is to put gelignite into a milk churn, then stand it by the roadside among dozens of other containers that farmers put out at night to be collected by the dairies. When an army patrol passes by, the terrorists detonate the churn by remote control. Other I.R.A. traps are just as viciously clever. A month ago, two Ulster policemen were lured by a false report into an isolated area, where they were ambushed and killed.

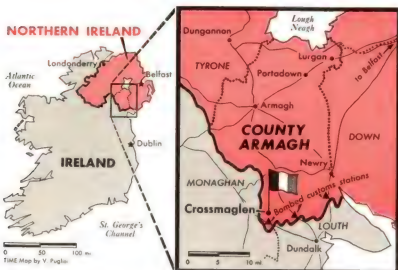
Last week Provos from the South Armagh Battalion hijacked and blew up a freight train from Dublin to Belfast just after it crossed the border into Ulster. No one was killed, but the explosion caused \$400,000 worth of damage. A major catastrophe was barely averted when a southbound passenger train

DESTROYED TANK IN SOUTH ARMAGH



BRITISH SOLDIERS ON GUARD IN STREETS OF CROSSMAGLEN





screamed to a halt just before colliding with the destroyed freight cars. Moreover, in what may mean even more intense sectarian violence in the future, County Armagh is emerging as the center of breakaway I.R.A. factions. These extremist groups reject the willingness of some Provo leaders to discuss with Britain a political solution for Ulster. In the past year the breakaway groups have begun operations on their own in "bandit country." Says one I.R.A. activist in Dublin with close ties to the country: "All this talk about power-sharing and political compromise has never meant anything in South Armagh."

Little Hope. Such attitudes have led the I.R.A. to call South Armagh an "independent republic." Its capital is the dingy farm hamlet of Crossmaglen (pop. 1,200), located near the center of the salient. Crossmaglen's most distinguishing feature is a fire-gutted remnant of the town hall, destroyed by the British after an I.R.A. ambush. Half a block off the main square, whose principal commercial life revolves around ten seedy-looking pubs, is a British army post housing some 110 Royal Fusiliers. The compound is known locally as the Alamo, and for good reason: it is ringed by two-story-high corrugated steel walls, topped by concertina wire and strung over with camouflage netting.

All deliveries to and from the fort—from guns to garbage—are made by chopper. Army patrols outside the front gate are bizarre affairs in which squads of soldiers dart down the street, scurrying from one doorway to the next in a breathless circuit around the square, then scramble back inside the fort. Meanwhile, all townspeople on the street quickly melt away, to be replaced by I.R.A. gunmen, who fire at the soldiers from behind parked cars before vanishing again themselves. These attacks have become so ritualized that Crossmagleners have posted signs warning incoming motorists whenever an

army patrol ventures out. More often than not, the I.R.A.'s illegal tricolor flag hangs above the gutted town hall.

British officials privately admit they see little hope of ever bringing South Armagh under control, and they doubt that Catholics who support "the boys" will be impressed even by such a major British gesture as London's recent decision to abandon its hated internment policy in Northern Ireland. "Militarily, it's a no-win situation," admits one official. "Our army is in County Armagh for one reason only—there is no way it can leave without creating a storm in the House of Commons." Just as the U.S. Army learned in Viet Nam, the military's very presence in the area has helped to alienate local residents and broaden support for "the enemy." Says Paddy Short, a ruddy-faced bartender in one of Crossmaglen's pubs: "They're an army of occupation and we're an occupied country. We're not pro I.R.A., we're just anti-British. We hate them, and nothing is going to change until they leave."

REFUGEES

The Forsaken People

Soviet officials describe it as a summertime wonderland of "heavenly fishing and coolness." To many of its 600,000 inhabitants, the island of Sakhalin, off the coast of Siberia, is better known for its frozen winters, when the temperature frequently drops to -22° F. For almost 7,000 Koreans, Sakhalin is something even worse: it is a kind of prison. Perhaps the last refugees of World War II, the Koreans have been trying for 30 years to leave Sakhalin. "If I can't get back home soon," says one of them despairingly, "I will commit suicide."

Japan controlled the southern half of Sakhalin from 1905, when it took it as a trophy of its victory in the Russo-Japanese War, until 1945. During World War

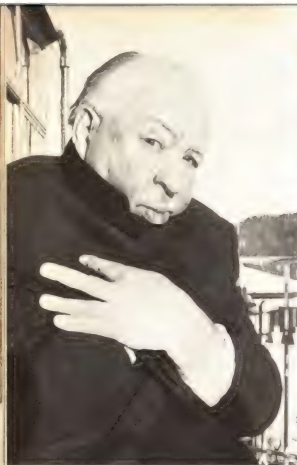
II the Koreans were installed in labor camps on the island to replace Japanese men conscripted into the imperial forces. When Russia took back the island at the end of the war—even though the Soviet Union had joined the battle against Japan only a week before the surrender—the Koreans were stranded. The half a million Japanese on the island were eventually repatriated, but the Korean refugees had no one to speak for them. The U.S.S.R. did not recognize South Korea, and many of the workers did not want to return to Communist North Korea. The Russians, in addition, found it useful to keep the Koreans working, and they became what the Japanese call *kin-min* (forsaken people).

About 2,000 Koreans have, in fact, got out of Sakhalin, and perhaps another 36,000 seem content to stay there. Because he was married to a Japanese woman, Park No Hak, 62, was able to leave the island in 1958, and he has made it his life's goal to bring the others out as well. "How could I forget Sakhalin?" he asks. "So many of my countrymen were languishing there, just as they are right now." Park believes since Japan forced the Koreans to go to Sakhalin in the first place, it is up to Tokyo to see that they get home.

"Zensho Shimasu." Park has formally petitioned the Japanese government 23 times to talk to the Soviets about the Koreans in Sakhalin. And 23 times Tokyo has responded "Zensho shimasu," or "We will act with prudence," a polite phrase the bureaucracy uses to brush off cranks and oddballs. Undaunted, Park has written endless letters to the stranded Koreans, using their replies to build an impressive dossier showing the indifference of governments.

Park's singleminded crusade has struck a chord of sympathy in both Japan and South Korea. About 500,000 South Koreans have formed an organization to campaign for the repatriation of their countrymen. Seoul now beams a radio program to the Sakhalinese Koreans with messages and greetings from relatives and friends at home. In Japan a similar association was formed by suburban Tokyo housewife Rei Mihara. Her explanation: "I was ashamed of myself in knowing that my government could have been so heartless."

More important, 18 Japanese lawyers have taken up the case. They have sued their own government to accept its long-term responsibility. They have in effect asked that Tokyo not only approach Moscow through diplomatic channels, but also pay for transporting the refugees back to South Korea. The case goes to trial next month in Tokyo, and the lawyers hope that they may finally goad the government into taking action. "Only when our government accepts the responsibility of shipping these people back home can it once again begin talking about human rights," says Hiroshi Izumi, one of the 18 representing the Korean refugees.



ALFRED HITCHCOCK BUNDLES UP

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun, "but not in the midday snow, at least not in my case," protested Director **Alfred Hitchcock**, 76. Even so, the pudgy film maker and his wife Alma ventured to the snowy slopes of St. Moritz, where he wanted to rest before finishing his latest film, *Family Plot*. The movie, he said cryptically, is "sort of a comedy-melodrama about a fake woman medium, an out-of-work actor and a chase after a missing heir who is also a kidnaper." Had he bothered even to sample the Swiss snow? "We spend most of our time sitting comfortably in the Palace Hotel, watching it all from behind the window."

Despite his reputation as a quick-fire lover, Casanova is moving out of the bedsheets and onto the screen in slow-motion at best. Director **Federico Fellini's** movie about the 18th century Italian seducer first ran into trouble last August when thieves broke into Technicolor's vaults and filched three weeks' worth of shooting. Then a strike by the production crew and a case of flu contracted by Star **Donald Sutherland** caused further costly delays. Claiming that Fellini had run over both his \$6 million budget and a Dec. 20 deadline, Producer **Al-**

berto Grimaldi last week announced that he was suspending the cast of 170. Fellini called in his attorneys about the matter and offered a one-line review of his producer's charges: "Slanderous, untruthful and offensive."

The holiday spirit apparently did not impress Burma's President **Ne Win**, 64. Disturbed by noise from the Inya Lake Hotel across from his home in Rangoon, the socialist leader rounded up a trio of military aides armed with submachine guns and barged in on 800 revelers. While stunned guests watched, he then bashed in the band's drums, pushed over some amplifiers and slapped an army officer. Diplomats who were there reported that the Burmese partygoers, who obviously knew a Ne Win situation when they saw it, quickly made for the exits.

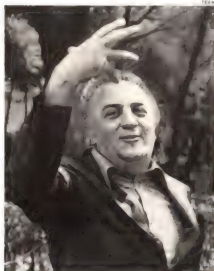
Too many of her dire predictions have come true, too little of her advice has been followed, complained Ideologue **Ayn Rand**, 70. And that, said the author of *Atlas Shrugged*

and discussing it. I am haunted by a quotation from Nietzsche: 'It is not my function to be a flyswatter.'"

British Actor-Director **Richard Attenborough** was "thrilled beyond measure" when he received from No. 10 Downing Street a letter offering him a trusteeship in London's prestigious Tate Gallery. So thrilled, he later remembered, that he neglected to open a second letter from the same address. It contained a polite inquiry as to whether Attenborough would accept a British knighthood. "It has not fully sunk in yet," said Attenborough happily last week after learning that he was among 32 Britons thus honored.

Just a "coming home party" was the way Pulp Novelist **Harold Robbins**, 59, described his 600-guest New Year's Eve bash at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Robbins, who has been in France working on the film version of his most recent novel, *The Pirate*, played host to a crowd that included **Cesar Romero** and **Glenn Ford**, Gossip **Rona Barrett** and the girls featured on Robbins' party favors, a 1976 calendar. The shindig cost \$40,000, which may explain why the author wasted no time returning to work on his new book, another love-and-lust epic titled *The Lonely Lady*.

GOSSIP-GATHERER RONA BARRETT GREETS ROBBINS.



DIRECTOR FEDERICO FELLINI LASHES OUT

and *The Fountainhead*, accounts for her decision to stop publishing the *Ayn Rand Letter*, her monthly four-page tract on objectivist philosophy and laissez-faire capitalism. "I intend to return, full time, to my primary work: writing books," she wrote to her 15,000 subscribers. "The state of today's culture is so low that I do not care to spend my time watching



PEOPLE

"One fellow grabbed me around the neck, and the other went directly for the left front pocket where I'd put the money," said former Supreme Court Justice **Tom Clark**, describing his brush with muggers in Washington, D.C. Clark, 76, was on his way home from a neighborhood grocery when two youths jumped him and stole his wallet. The father of onetime Attorney General **Ramsey Clark** duly reported, "I chased after them shouting 'Police!' and 'Help!' and stuff like that, but they were too fast." The robbers got \$136, he announced, adding that he might take a different route home in the future. Explained Clark: "I'll have to be more judicious."

"It was an ordeal," reflected Publisher **Hugh Hefner**, describing a Government investigation into drug trafficking within his Playboy empire. The 15-month inquiry, which accelerated after Hefner's social secretary was found dead of a drug overdose, finally ended last week when the U.S. Attorney's office in Chicago decided there was insufficient evidence to bring charges. "It was not a drug case in the usual sense; they were obviously and clearly out to get me," protested Hef, who has long advocated the liberalization of marijuana laws. Not only had the investigation cost him subscribers and advertising revenue, added

the aging playboy, now 49, but one sponsor for a Bunny beauty contest as well.

Since selling his Kentucky Fried Chicken business for \$2 million in 1964, **Colonel Harland Sanders** has not found the finger lickin' so good. In an interview published in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Sanders sourly described a new extra-crispy recipe being promoted by the company as "a fried doughball stuck on some chicken." The gravy, he added, is "pure wallpaper paste. There's no nutrition in it at all." Sanders, 85, who is still under contract to the chicken chain as a "good-will ambassador," was promptly sued for libel by one angry franchise owner. But last week Louisville Circuit Court Judge Thomas Ballantine dismissed the suit, ruling that the Colonel's comments had not been aimed at anyone in particular and so could not be considered damaging.

He was filming a hurricane sequence in a new Walt Disney adventure picture titled



CHICKEN KING SANDERS WITH HIS WIFE CLAUDIA

MISS SEPTEMBER SHOWS HER FORM



USTINOV GETS CARRIED AWAY AFTER HIS ACCIDENT

Treasure of Matecumbe, recalled **Peter Ustinov**, 54. Asked to turn away from the camera so his stuntman-double could take over, the well-rounded star stumbled and tore some ligaments in his legs. "The trouble was that my feet were planted in sand," explained Ustinov.

"While I turned, my feet didn't. I was hit by a few hundred gallons of water, did an elegant curtsy and sat down." In all, the disabled actor will have spent three weeks sitting down—and a few more hobbling around on crutches—by the time his ligaments have mended. Said Ustinov: "I think I liked it better when the Disney people drew their stunts."

Though often compared to the 19th-century Austrian statesman **Klemens Metternich**, Secretary of State **Henry Kissinger** claims to have other idols. "I think Metternich was an extremely skilled diplomat, but not very creative," said Kissinger to the *Washington Star*. "I hope to have constructed more than he had. He was a skillful manipulator of events that he didn't help shape." And who have been the great men of modern times? "De Gaulle was a great figure," answered the Secretary. "Franklin Roosevelt. Mao. I am not attaching moral judgments. Churchill, of course. To some extent, Adenauer."

Loeb Blow

In both front-page editorials and news stories, the Manchester, N.H., *Union Leader* has savaged a long list of public figures in the 19 years that it has been owned by Publisher William Loeb. The paper's targets have included Dwight Eisenhower ("that stinking hypocrite"), John Kennedy ("the No. 1 liar in the U.S.A."), Henry Kissinger ("Kissinger the Kike") and Edmund Muskie, who was driven to tears—and a fatally poor showing—during the state's 1972 presidential primary by a *Union Leader* description of his wife Jane as a heavy drinker with a fondness for gamy jokes. Loeb and his paper, which is the only statewide daily (circ. 63,750) in New Hampshire, have powerfully influenced everything in the state from elections to the slogan on its license plates ("Live Free or Die"). As contenders in next month's New Hampshire primary will probably learn, William Loeb, 70, is a mean man to cross.

That fact has not daunted Kevin Cash, 49, a Manchester native who has worked as a reporter and rewrite man at one time or another on a dozen or so newspapers, including Loeb's own *Union Leader*. Cash has written and published a devastating 472-page biography of his old boss entitled *Who the Hell Is William Loeb?* (Amoskeag Press, \$8.95; paperback, \$5.95). The book sold 10,000 copies in the first nine days after it appeared in November; since then, 20,000 more copies have been distributed, and a third printing of 20,000 came off the presses last week. Those are impressive sales figures in a state that has only 791,000 people (the book is not yet generally available outside New Hampshire). Says Don Alper, a bookseller in Bedford (pop. 5,859) who sold 137 copies in two hours: "Up here it is going faster than *The Pentagon Papers*, *The White House Transcripts*, *Helter Skelter* or any other book in my experience."

Cash's tale reads like a Granite State *Citizen Kane*, a long, picaresque account of Loeb's finances, extramarital affairs, lawsuits, financial intrigues and editorial vendettas. Cash says that in 1946 Loeb borrowed \$250,000 from his mother, the widow of Teddy Roosevelt's personal secretary, to buy into the *Union Leader*, but later became embroiled in a court fight with her over use of the funds. Cash also recounts the story of the night that Loeb spent in jail on an alienation of af-

fections charge (settled out of court, although Cash insists Loeb was guilty), and the day he pulled out a pistol and shot the office cat dead. Loeb later told employees, through a spokesman, that the cat was suffering a convulsion and he wanted to put it out of its misery.

In one passage, Cash describes in detail how as a young man Superpatriot Loeb fought repeated attempts by the draft board in Oyster Bay, N.Y., the town where he grew up, to induct him during World War II; Loeb finally won his battle when he found a sympathetic Vermont doctor who helped him win a 4-F classification for ulcers. "Loeb is a bully," says Monsignor Philip Kenney, vicar of community affairs for the Man-

chester area), and incorporated it in Delaware to make it harder for Loeb to sue. Still, four New Hampshire printing firms would not touch the book, and Cash had to go to Vermont for a printer.

The *Union Leader* has refused to run advertisements for the biography. It is no secret around New Hampshire that Cash once had a drinking problem and was dismissed by the *Union Leader* in 1959. "Nobody ever drank more than Kevin—he was a real newspaperman," says Jimmy Breslin, an old colleague from Cash's *Herald Tribune* days, who encouraged him in the project. Cash readily admits that he was fired—for showing up drunk to cover a golf match—but swears he has not had a drink in two years. Says he: "I gave up everything for this. I thought it was about time somebody stood up to this guy."

What such effrontery will cost Cash is unclear. Cash has sent Loeb a copy of the book, but the publisher declines to comment. Says Loeb: "The only response we make will be in court."



NEW HAMPSHIRE PUBLISHER WILLIAM LOEB & FRIEND
A Granite State Citizen Kane.

chester diocese. "A lot of people who have been duped by him should read this book." Adds former New Hampshire Governor Walter Peterson, whose teenage daughter suffered an emotional breakdown after Loeb vilified her for an innocent remark about marijuana use: "Kevin Cash has performed a significant public service."

That the book made it into print at all is a minor miracle. Loeb has a reputation for launching libel actions at the drop of a pejorative. *New Times* and the *Boston Globe* are currently facing Loeb suits totaling \$7.5 million. Eleven publishers shied away from Cash's manuscript, and three libel insurance firms refused to underwrite his possible legal defense costs. Cash finally formed his own publishing house, Amoskeag Press, Inc. (from an old Indian name for the

Public President

After Gerald Ford took his widely televised spill on the ski slopes at Vail, Colo., Press Secretary Ron Nessen berated reporters for neglecting the President's accomplishments in office to spotlight his unfortunate footwork outside the White House. Last week syndicated Columnist Max Lerner, a liberal, added a complaint that the press has created an undeserved "ordeal of ridicule" for Ford that "will affect not only his personal showing against Reagan, which isn't so important for the nation, but also the Administration conduct of foreign and domestic policy, which is." Americans, said Lerner, "can afford to distinguish between hard slugging on policy decisions and unfair attacks of a personal character."

Is the press being unfair to Ford? Not according to NBC Anchor Man John Chancellor, who last week paused in his newscast to comment that the Vail wipe-out that inspired Nessen's complaint occurred during a Nessen-arranged "photo opportunity." When the President takes a header, Chancellor said, "that's news, and we're going to cover it." Indeed, the President can hardly expect journalists to do anything but report the tumbles along with the triumphs—especially this election year as Ford reaches for all the headlines and air time he can. His abundantly reported China trip last fall produced a bonanza of favorable exposure, if little news. Last weekend Ford taped an interview with Chancellor for a network documentary on foreign policy. Later this month he will sit for a 40-min. interview with CBS's 60 Minutes, and has agreed to appear soon on both CBS's *Face the Nation* and ABC's *Issues and Answers*.

Back to the Boondocks

U.S. doctors have been increasingly reluctant to practice in rural areas. Besides making less money than their urban colleagues, rural doctors must always be on call. When emergencies occur, they often travel great distances. Though isolated from medical centers and their special equipment and expertise, they must provide a variety of services—from obstetrics to treating snake bites. Still, they must cope with all of medicine's red tape: keeping records, collecting fees, filling out endless forms. As a result many rural communities are often without the services of a doctor and are eager to accept anyone who is remotely qualified. That sometimes leaves them with a doctor who, as one critical observer says, is "a bum, an alcoholic or a drug addict—somebody on the run."

To help entice qualified physicians into the boondocks, a group that included doctors from the University of Utah's College of Medicine independently established a nonprofit corporation called the Health Systems Research Institute (H.S.R.I.). The idea has been successful from the start. H.S.R.I. has already supplied badly needed medical help to sparsely populated areas of five Western states, where it now operates eleven clinics and three hospitals. As one doctor recruited by the institute says, "It gives me an opportunity to practice medicine as it was meant to be practiced without all the garbage of fighting with insurance companies and the Government."

Providing the Know-How. H.S.R.I. accomplishes its goal by making a deal with a rural county to take over its medical services. Under the pact, the county provides plant, equipment and finances, while the institute offers the know-how. It recruits doctors, nurses, clerks and other personnel, all of whom are paid directly by H.S.R.I. Though the doctors' salaries—\$40,000 to \$60,000 a year—may be lower than those of some city practitioners, the rural doctor gets other benefits: four weeks of vacation by his third year, another two weeks a year to continue his education and, perhaps most important of all, a variety of personal insurance policies, including costly malpractice coverage.

Typical of the new generation of country doctors recruited by H.S.R.I. is Dr. Minthorne D. Norton, 38, a graduate of the University of Miami's medical school who quit a family practice in Kentucky to run a clinic in Battle Mountain, Nev. Helped by a physician's assistant, a licensed practical nurse and three clerks, Norton sees about 200 patients a week, including many travelers (he is the only doctor along 120 miles of Interstate 80). In difficult cases, he can call upon advice from specialists at

the University of Utah. He also has available the services of an ambulance plane. Best of all, says Norton, he doesn't have to take a "pay cut or suddenly pull a kid out of college" whenever insurance companies hike malpractice rates.

The prognosis for H.S.R.I. seems good. Norton's Battle Mountain clinic, for example, collected, and paid to the county, some \$17,000 in patient fees last November—\$4,500 more than the county's cost of maintaining the program that month. In fact, H.S.R.I. officials say, they need contracts with only four more communities before the outfit becomes completely self-sufficient. Those contracts may soon be in hand. Inquiries have already been received from dozens of other rural counties in Western states eager to establish their own clinics with H.S.R.I.'s help.

Doctors' Jargon

Physicians have long used medical jargon to impress gullible laymen. As far back as the 13th century, the medieval physician Arnold of Villanova urged colleagues to seek refuge behind impressive-sounding language when they could not explain a patient's ailment. "Say that he has an obstruction of the liver," Arnold wrote, "and particularly use the word obstruction because [patients] do not understand what it means." Such deceptions may still occasionally be practiced on patients, but this does not account for the impenetrable prose in contemporary medical journals, which are read mostly by doctors.

To unravel that alphabet soup, Author-Physician Michael Crichton (*The Great Train Robbery*, *The Andromeda Strain*) recently looked over some back issues of the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Crichton, who wrote novels even during his days at Harvard Medical School (class of 1969), was appalled by what he read. The style, he reported in the *Journal*, was "as dense, impressive and forbidding as possible." Examples

► **Redundancy:** The most common form is paired words, for example, "interest and concern," when one would serve nicely.

► **Wrong words:** purely for only.

► **Too many abstractions:** "Improvement in health care is based, on an important extent, on the viability of the biomedical research enterprise, whose success, in turn, depends..."

► **Ambiguity:** "Corticosteroids, antimalarial drugs and other agents may impede degranulation, because of their ability to prevent granule membranes from rupturing, to inhibit ingestion or to interfere with the degranulation mechanism per se."

► **Unnecessary qualifications:** "Many, but not all, of the agents also have valuable analgesic effects." "It is

usually wise, unless there is good reason to the contrary..."

Even as late as the 19th century, Crichton says, physicians were writing with strength and conviction. Now, however, "voices are passive, modifiers are abstract and qualifying clauses abound. The general tone is one of utmost timidity, going far beyond sensible caution." Crichton finds it all very puzzling. "An eminent surgeon strides

JULIAN WASSER



CRICHTON WITH OLDENBURG'S ALPHABET SOUP
Redundant, abstract and ambiguous.

purposefully into the operating room each day," he says, "but to read his papers, you wonder how he finds the courage to get out of bed in the morning." Crichton has a theory about the use of obfuscating medical language. In explaining it, however, he unwittingly demonstrates that jargon is highly contagious: "Medical obscurity may now serve an intra-group recognition function, rather like a secret fraternal handshake. In any event it is a game, and everybody plays it. Indeed, I suspect one refuses to play at one's professional peril."



TIME ESSAY

SMOKING: FIGHTING FIRE WITH IRE

A bilious tract written in 1604 by King James I of Great Britain has made that widely unadmired monarch a belated hero to certain Americans in 1976. The royal broadside, *A Counterblaste to Tobacco*, was a lengthy denunciation of smoking, culminating in the sentence: "A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." James's obsessive abhorrence of smoking is more than matched today by members of militant groups who, to protect their lungs and nostrils, seem determined to restrict the consumption of tobacco to consenting adults behind closed doors.

The leading counterblasting outfits, GASP (for Group Against Smokers' Pollution) and ASH (Action on Smoking and Health), as well as such organizations as the American Cancer Society and the American Heart Association, have had some impressive successes: largely as the result of their campaigns, 31 states and scores of cities in the U.S. have passed a wide range of laws that prohibit smoking in places as varied as elevators, museums, hospitals, theaters, stores, buses and subways. Now, however, the anti-smokers seem bent on controlling all public "breathing space." In offices and waiting rooms, desk plaques admonish: YES, I MIND IF YOU SMOKE.

After the RSVP on a dinner invitation, GASPers warn putative guests: NSP—meaning, in Jacobeanese, "no stinking puffumigation." Even cab drivers lecture passengers. Says a sign in a Manhattan taxi: YOUR RIGHT TO SMOKE ENDS WHERE MY NOSE BEGINS.

These are the politest ploys in what has become a rather uncivil war. Fighting fire with ire, bumper stickers declare: KISSING A SMOKER IS LIKE LICKING A DIRTY ASHTRAY. A bellicose lapel button declares: SMOKERS STINK. Since

slogans do not extinguish cigarettes, many antis become vigilantes. A scourge at some business conventions these days is a self-appointed enforcer who goes around plucking butts from smokers' mouths. One vigilante tactic: when a fellow guest lights up after dinner, an anti-smoker dunks his hand in the smoker's water glass. "What the..." expostulates the smoker. "You don't like me polluting your water," replies the grim dunker. "I don't like you polluting our air." Probably the most implacable of the anti-smokers' groups is S.H.A.M.E.! (Society to Humiliate, Aggravate, Mortify and Embarrass Smokers). Its founder, Minneapolis *Tribune* Columnist Will Jones, explains: "The whole idea is that anyone who even ventures to smoke in the presence of another person is a slob. If someone smokes and gets cancer, we say, 'Good, there goes another smoker.'"

While many tobaccophobes maintain that their aim is to "educate" smokers, they have not in the past been noticeably successful—as witness a turn-of-the-century campaign to censor a nursery rhyme because Old King Cole "called for his pipe." In a fit of moral fervor, the town fathers in Longboat Key, Fla. (pop. 2,850), engaged in turn debate over a proposed law to ban smoking in public elevators and theaters—though

Longboat Key has no elevators or theaters. "These nonsmokers could get so powerful," complained Columnist Alan MacLeese in the Flint, Mich. *Journal*, that "one day they'd have us all up before firing squads. And we allow us the traditional courtesy of a last cigarette on grounds that it is harmful to our health."

Today's Jamesians, of course, have more than aesthetic and moral arguments to back their cause. In places like stores, theaters and libraries, smok-

ing can pose a fire hazard. Many individuals are sensitive to what they call "secondhand smoke." The prohibitionists set much stock by a 1972 pronouncement of a former Surgeon General, who reported that tobacco fumes "can contribute to the discomfort of many individuals"—who, presumably, also suffer from inhaling what passes for air in city streets. Most anti-tobacco roadmontades, however, center on what nonsmokers call their "civil rights." Constitutionally, the issue is so new that the right to smoke or to be protected from smokers' exhalations has

yet to be determined. The first major court test will come next month when a Michigan state court will hear a pro-football fan's suit to establish his right to breathe unpolluted air in the

new Pontiac Stadium. It can be argued that the 41% of adult Americans who smoke are sufficiently harassed already: they pay \$6 billion more in federal, state and local taxes than nonsmokers, and they are subjected to a constant drumfire of sermons warning that their habit is dangerous to their health. Though liquor was considered hazardous enough to be prohibited for 14 years in the U.S., no such caveat has ever appeared on whisky bottles.

While smokers are outnumbered by nonsmokers, those who actively oppose smoking are an even smaller minority. Most smokers do not deliberately seek to offend abstainers, and can generally be persuaded to douse the weed with a mild adjuration. (The model might be Cardinal Newman's warning to a fellow passenger on a train who, after lighting up in a no-smoking compartment, demanded: "And what will you do, Sir, if I continue to smoke?" Replied Newman: "You will make me sick, Sir, and you will have to take the consequences upon yourself.")

In their evangelical zeal, the antis might ponder history. Legislating con-

THANK YOU
FOR NOT SMOKING

IF SMOKING IS YOUR
HABIT
KEEP HIM OFF MY BACK



THE CARTOON BY MIKE WOLFE

A child like Josi needs your love...

duct has always been a tricky business; attempts to discourage or prohibit smoking have been doomed to failure. Even after King James boosted tobacco import taxes by 4,000%, smoking continued to spread throughout Britain. When an 18th century Swiss government imposed heavy levies on smokers, they had to be repealed for fear of revolution; and, in fact, a ban on smoking in the streets in Prussia contributed to a revolt in Berlin in 1848.

Even Turkish Sultan Murad IV, who executed as many as 18 puffers a day, and the first Romanov czar, who was in the habit of sitting users' noses, could not make the citizenry kick the habit. In the 1920s, when smoking came under vociferous attack in the U.S., "smokers' leagues" sprang up to defend the right to light.

Smokers' resistance might be a force to reckon with if Congress were ever to pass into law a prohibition, like a bill before a House committee, sponsored by Massachusetts' Robert F. Drinan, that would forbid smoking in most waiting and boarding areas, and restrict it in military bases and federal buildings. As the *Spokane Chronicle's*

John J. Lemon said of a similar ordinance that had been proposed in Washington State, "The next victims of such rule making may be whistlers, gum chewers, bone crackers, dandruff scratchers, lint pickers and popcorn eaters." Not to mention tooth pickers, garlic eaters, liquor imbibers, belchers, non-bathers and puffers of pot at rock concerts.

A few hardy smokers'-righters are at work in cities where smoking is banned in elevators, signs are often mutilated or removed. In New York City, where smoking in elevators is forbidden, an official of Philip Morris has offered a reward to the first employee who is arrested for violating the one-year-old law. Indeed, the great mass of smokers might be well advised to organize in defense of their own "civil rights." They might call their league Smokers United to Avoid Vigilante Excesses—the acronym, of course, being SUAVE.

Michael Demarest

Little Josi in far away Brazil really likes the idea of going to school. When she was only four years old a letter from her mother to Josi's sponsor said:

"She spends her time with a school bag and books under her arms and she goes around saying that she is going to school..."

But without help, Josi's happy dreams for school might never come true.

You see, Josi lives in a crowded slum called a "favela"—along with many people who came from rural areas in hope of finding work to support their families. But jobs are scarce, especially for the unskilled. For example, Josi's father works hulling fruit and vegetables and so he earns only a meager income.

Houses in Josi's neighborhood are made with mud walls, sticks or palm leaves and floors of dirt or cement. There are no paved streets.

Josi's home has no windows and the water they use must be carried from a public pump some distance away. There is hardly enough money for food or clothes and a "favela" child might never have the opportunity to go to school.

But Josi has a chance. She is one of the lucky ones who has a CCF sponsor and so she is enrolled in a Family Helper Project. She receives help with more nutritious food, clothing, medical care and when she is ready for school, she will receive assistance with school fees, uniforms, and classroom supplies.

There are many needy children in the "favela" where Josi lives—and in other places, too. These youngsters may never have a chance for a better life, unless someone cares enough to help.

Through the Christian Children's



Fund, you can sponsor a deserving child for only \$15 a month. Just fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check. You will receive the child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the project.

You are encouraged to write to the child and your letters and cards will be answered. (Children unable to write are assisted by family members or staff workers.)

Won't you help a needy little child through this warm, person-to-person way of sharing?

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia and the Philippines.

We will be glad to send you a Statement of Income and Expense upon request.



Write today: Dr. Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$ _____. Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph.

I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give \$ _____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7. **11 2913**

Show-Biz U.

The courses offered in the 150-page catalogue run from suspense ("The Hazards of Being Male") to adventure ("A Three-Week Study Tour of the Argentine Pampas, Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego") and pop psychology ("Fairy Tales: Keys to the Psyche"). Indeed, the entire U.C.L.A. extension school is planned and promoted like a network's fall lineup of television shows. The similarity is no accident. "Our programs and those on television have the same threads," says Extension Dean Phillip Frandson. "Like TV, we mirror the needs of the public."

From the extension building on the southwest corner of the Westwood campus, Frandson, 50, presides over a growing domain with an annual enrollment of 128,000 students and a \$12 million budget. The bustling prosperity of the

livers, Andy Meyer, an executive at A. & M. Records, was disappointed by the "This Business of Music" course. "It got the stars there to talk about their careers," he complained, "but it never explained how the business works." Other extension classes never really get off the ground; about 15% are axed each quarter for lack of interest.

Frandson, however, is pleased with the school's overall results. "I'd love to turn my staff loose on TV for six months," he says. "A lot of these courses could be turned into arresting shows between 7 and 10 at night."

The White Minority

After nearly 20 years of court-ordered integrated education, most Americans are aware of the problems of black students brought into a predominantly white school. But what happens when

they are rarely together anywhere else. In fact, she says, white pupils, fearful of abuse from their black schoolmates, are reluctant to leave their classrooms. They seldom go into poorly supervised parts of the buildings, and the older they get, the closer they stay to their own rooms.

"While black children are vying for the privilege of carrying the teachers' messages," Schafft notes, "white children do not ordinarily raise their hands." As a result of the general reticence of the whites, at least one white Greentrees teacher considers them to be "uncooperative."

White children particularly shy away from the school bathrooms. Schafft says there are no records of physical attacks there, but "the verbal assaults are frightening enough to cause many children to avoid the bathrooms for the entire school year." Several whites admitted they went home for lunch solely to avoid using the school lavatory; one fifth-grade child wet his pants rather than venture into the toilet.

Separate Groups. The racial separation extends to two school organizations. The courtesy patrol, which monitors halls and classrooms during lunch, is all black. The safety patrol, which supervises street crossings, is 60% white, and most of its officers are white; whites feel more secure outside.

After school black children play in the organized recreation program at the school, while whites tend to play at home. Whites avoid school sports. Says Schafft: "Not one white child belongs to or plays with neighborhood athletic groups. One senses an underlying anxiety on the part of white parents and children about competing with blacks in arenas where competence might be questioned." In other words, they are afraid that the blacks will outperform them. Yet Greentrees whites often imitate black mannerisms when playing with other whites. Reports Schafft: "Finger snapping and bottom twisting accompany a 'Hey, man, you're goin' get it' or, looking at the floor, head tilted, a white child will do a short dance, just before the punch line of a joke."

During the year that she studied the school, Schafft asked one class to draw maps of the community, showing their homes, the school, and where their friends lived. Not a single black drew a white child on his map, and only one white drew a black. Concluded Schafft: "For this entire group of children, Greentrees is either black or white."

Schafft reports that many parents are not aware of the separation of blacks and whites in Greentrees. Thus while white parents hope for integration, the school experiences of their children point out what Schafft, in academic but accurate jargon, calls "the imperfect mesh between ideology and behavior."



STUDENTS IN U.C.L.A. EXTENSION SCHOOL CHINESE DANCE CLASS
Grabbing the viewers' attention like a new television series.

extension school confirms Frandson's belief that each of the school's 4,255 courses should be titled and designed like a new television series—to grab the viewer's attention. In the extension school, therefore, a course in American history from 1940 to 1950 is called "The Cultural Milieu of a Decade of War and Peace: a nostalgic reappraisal of an era that dramatically changed our world." A standard marriage-and-the-family sociology course becomes "A Psychology for Lovers: and for people who want to fall in love with their mates, their children, their colleagues, and themselves."

Despite the lavish staffing and spending, some students say the extension school promises more than it de-

livers. Andy Meyer, an executive at A. & M. Records, was disappointed by the "This Business of Music" course. "It got the stars there to talk about their careers," he complained, "but it never explained how the business works." Other extension classes never really get off the ground; about 15% are axed each quarter for lack of interest.

Although black and white pupils are together in the classrooms, Schafft found

The Laser Whammy

Evil Eye Fleege, a creation of Cartoonist Al Capp, can deliver a "whammy," or dirty look, so powerful that it can melt steel and shrivel flesh. Neither U.S. nor Soviet researchers can duplicate Fleege's feat. But both sides have long been working on weapons that may do the same thing. Jane's Yearbooks, London publisher of the authoritative guides to weapons systems, and the influential U.S. publication *Aviation Week & Space Technology* report that American and Russian scientists are stepping up efforts to develop weapons that until recently existed only in science fiction. They all depend on the laser, a device capable of generating a beam of light so

The intense beams are now used routinely in medicine to repair torn retinas, to remove cataracts and to burn away growths. They are also being used for welding and cutting steel. Lasers were used in Viet Nam to pinpoint bombing targets with a spot of light so that "smart bombs" equipped with infra-red sensors could seek them out. Since then, weapons researchers have been devising even more sophisticated uses for these potentially lethal beams of light.

Few researchers are seriously considering lasers as antipersonnel weapons; there are easier and cheaper ways to kill individual enemy soldiers. But more effective laser applications are under intensive investigation. Most laser

U.S. anti-ballistic missile defenses. Lasers could be used to sweep the skies and detect incoming missiles, and may some day be powerful enough to destroy enemy missiles in space. The day may not be too far off when lasers can blind an enemy's early warning system and leave him vulnerable to missile attack. Strong and still unexplained infra-red light detected by U.S. early warning satellites over Russia recently heightened speculation that the Soviets may be experimenting with such devices. U.S. scientists are believed to be working on a similar system.

Some major obstacles must still be overcome before the laser makes a reality of the fictional death ray. Scientists must still figure out ways to provide lasers, particularly those mounted in aircraft or satellites, with the enormous amounts of power needed to generate lethal, long-range beams. They must also learn how to cope with the problems caused by clouds and by reactions with the atmosphere, which can absorb the laser beam or make it "bloom," or diffuse. Finally, they must solve a problem created by the laser itself: when the beam hits a metal target and begins to vaporize the surface, it can create a layer of high-temperature gas that blocks the laser light. As a result, the beam becomes "uncoupled" and loses its effectiveness.

Scientists are confident that these obstacles can be overcome. So, apparently, is the Government, which is increasing its support for high-energy research. The U.S. is currently spending about \$600 million a year on laser research. By 1980, its investment in laser development is expected to top \$1 billion.

Nessie's Return

Whether on the Late, Late Show or in real life, monsters have always held a peculiar fascination for humans. Believers have fruitlessly scoured the mountains of the Pacific Northwest for Sasquatch, or Bigfoot, a giant, manlike creature who supposedly lives there; climbers and explorers have tried, with a similar lack of success to establish the existence of the yeti, or Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas. But no creature has been sought so assiduously as "Nessie," the Loch Ness Monster, a mysterious beast first reported in Scotland's Loch Ness in 565 by St. Columba. Now a monster maven from Boston named Robert Rines has finally achieved a degree of success in the hunt for Nessie. Although he has not actually brought the monster to bay, Rines has produced what he believes are pictures of Nessie.

A successful patent lawyer and inventor, Rines has been engaged in sci-



AIR FORCE LASER PLANE

research is highly classified, but Army authorities are known to be testing a tank-mounted high-energy laser. Weapons engineers are also known to be looking into the possibilities of using lasers for antiaircraft defense. They are studying ways in which lasers can be used in-

directly to guide missiles to enemy planes, and to destroy invaders with their searing rays. Lasers may also be employed to protect aircraft. U.S. Air Force researchers, who have already equipped one Boeing NKC-135 as a test plane, are working on aircraft-carried lasers that could knock out ground-based antiaircraft installations by blinding gun crews.

Navy authorities are also interested in using lasers to protect their ships from attack by surface-to-surface missiles, and scientists are looking into the practicality of incorporating lasers into the

FLEEGLER PREPARING TO RELEASE WHAMMY
A potentially lethal beam of light.

powerful it can serve as a death ray.

The laser (the word is an acronym for light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation) has been around since 1960, when scientists first succeeded in producing the powerful beams of single-frequency light waves. These beams could be delivered to distant points with much less diffusion and loss of intensity than ordinary beams, which consist of the helter-skelter waves of white light. In recent years, using light generated by gases or chemical reactions, researchers have greatly increased both the power and range of lasers.



ARTIST'S VIEW OF YETI

Daily Mail

FROM THE MONEY MAIL

Scientists argue over new 'proof' from underwater pictures

IS THIS THE LOCH NESS MONSTER?

A MONSTER MYSTERY:
A WORLD WITH
evidence on the
loch, is it the
Loch Ness monster?



MONSTER NEWS IN LONDON



CHIMPLIKE CREATURE CALLED OLIVER
A peculiar fascination for humans.

SCIENCE

entific work ever since he and a few wealthy friends founded an organization called the Academy of Applied Sciences in 1963. The institution, which has no connection with any university or recognized research organization, is vague about its membership and seems to have financed little in the way of study on its own. An Academy member, Peter Byrne, has searched for the legendary Bigfoot. A New York lawyer has acquired an animal that some feel may even be Bigfoot. Michael Miller bought the creature, described as resembling "a bald chimpanzee with an ear job and a sour disposition," from an animal show for \$10,000.

One of Rines' most consuming interests has been the Loch Ness Monster. In 1972 he set up an array of underwater cameras in the loch and obtained a picture that showed a large mass with what some experts identified as a flipper-like appendage. Last summer Rines' cameras took thousands more shots beneath the murky loch's surface and produced two more photographic equivalents of a Rorschach test. Depending on the eye of the beholder, one showed what could be a large body with a long neck, the other what might, with the help of an active imagination, be a hideous, horned head.

Elusive Evidence. There was an immediate reaction to the pictures and an accompanying article published in a recent issue of the respected scientific journal *Nature*. Some scientists were convinced that the pictures proved the existence of a large creature in the lake. George Zug, curator of amphibians and reptiles at Washington's Smithsonian Institution, speculated that there might even be a population of several such creatures in Loch Ness, which is 24 miles long, and 700 feet deep over much of its length. But scientists from the British Museum (Natural History) found the pictures too fuzzy for accurate interpretation. Others questioned the controls under which they were made and took *Nature* to task for printing the article. A zoologist even suggested the "head" was that of a Highland steer that had drowned in the lake. One skeptic, interviewed on British television, speculated that the head was a shot of a scuba diver wearing his breathing apparatus backward. A London paper noted that Nessie's proposed scientific name, *Nessieras rhombopteryx*, is an anagram for "monster hoax by Sir Peter S."—a possible reference to Nessie Supporter Sir Peter Scott, who co-authored the *Nature* article with Rines.

The new burst of publicity about the Loch Ness Monster has inspired others to track it down. *Nature*, with a straight face, reported that the British Bacon Curers' Federation would soon organize a new hunt for Nessie by hot-air balloon. The organization's choice of conveyance is appropriate. The opinions of the Nessie experts alone are enough to keep the hunters airborne for weeks.

MILITONES

Married. Edwin ("Buzz") Aldrin Jr., 45, second man to step on the moon as a member of the 1969 Apollo crew and later the victim of a nervous breakdown described in his autobiography, *Return to Earth*; and Interior Decorator Beverly Van Zile; both for the second time; in Baja California.

Died. The Rev. Dallas Tarkenton, 63, Pentecostal Holiness Church minister and father of Minnesota Viking Quarterback Fran Tarkenton; of a heart attack, while watching his son's team lose to the Dallas Cowboys, 17-14, in an N.F.L. play-off game; in Savannah, Ga.

Died. Euell Gibbons, 64, naturalist, connoisseur of wild foods and cookbook author, who in his writings and numerous television appearances campaigned to popularize a natural diet, of an apparent heart attack; in Sunbury, Pa. Gibbons became a hero of natural-food enthusiasts after the publication of his *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* in 1962. While other experts warned of eventual worldwide shortages, Gibbons found wild foods in abundance everywhere. In a vacant lot in Chicago, he noted 15 different varieties.) In later books like *Stalking the Good Life* (1971), Gibbons outlined organic menus but warned in an interview that the novice forager should shun mushrooms and "start with raccoon pie and cattail salad. They never hurt anyone."

Died. Hugh Hutton, 78, acid-penned editorial cartoonist for the Philadelphia *Inquirer* from 1934 to 1969; following a stroke; in Philadelphia. After studying at the University of Minnesota, he worked for a string of newspapers before joining the then Republican *Inquirer*. In the 1930s Hutton continually lampooned the New Deal, depicting Franklin Roosevelt as a pop-eyed, apron-clad cook feeding the American people "campaign soothing syrup."

Died. Emile-Georges Cuisenaire, 84, creative educator who invented an internationally recognized method of teaching children to count by associating numbers and colors; in Thuin, Belgium. Cuisenaire, who became the head of his local grade school in Thuin in 1934, retired 13 years later to complete work on his invention and to publish his findings in a book, *Nombres En Couleur* (1951). Cuisenaire's brainchild was a set of ten different colored wooden rods ranging in length from 1 cm. to 10 cm. The Cuisenaire rods helped budding arithmeticians learn the basics of addition and subtraction. Example: using sight and touch, a child could tell that a 3-cm. green rod plus a 5-cm. yellow rod equaled an 8-cm. brown rod.

We spent thousands finding out what we already knew. White rum is smoother than gin or vodka.

©1976 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico



In a nationwide test white rum (above) was coded to hide its identity. So were gin and vodka (not shown).

We could have told you white rum was smoother before we spent a mint on a nationwide taste test. But we couldn't advertise it.

Government regulations protect you from idle claims by requiring quantitative substantiation. That's as it should be.

So we went to 21 major cities and asked 550 drinkers to compare white rum with the

leading brands of gin and vodka. 24.2% preferred gin. 34.4% preferred vodka. And 41.4% preferred white rum.

It should be noted that the white rum came from Puerto Rico—the only place where the law requires that rum be aged. And since smoothness is a direct result of aging, it's not surprising that more people liked the taste of white rum than gin or vodka.

Enjoy white rum in your next drink calling for gin or vodka. Before long you'll be telling your friends. Fortunately, government regulations don't prohibit you from doing that.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



A new kind of American

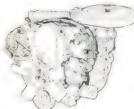
For a little car, our new Chevette sure gives a person a lot to think about.

THE MILEAGE CHAMP OF AMERICAN-MADE CARS.

Chevette with standard 1.4-litre engine, 4-speed manual transmission, and standard 3.70:1 rear axle is rated at:

**40 mpg highway,
28 mpg city EPA ratings.**

(Remember—these mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. In California, see your Chevy dealer for EPA mileage figures on California emission-equipped cars.)



1.4-LITRE 4-CYLINDER.

A new smooth and quiet engine with hydraulic valve lifters. Its displacement: 85 cu. in. The 1.4-litre engine is designed for efficiency and surprising driveability. A 1.6-litre engine is also available.



STANDARD 4-SPEED.

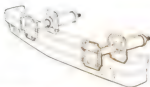
A new transmission was specially engineered for the Chevette. It's fully synchronized and has a floor-mounted shift lever.



Chevette is international in design and heritage, incorporating engineering concepts proved around the world. The Chevette Coupe (shown above) seats four people, with space for luggage behind the second seat.

ACOUSTICAL INSULATION.

Sound insulators are layered on the lower dash, front floor, rear wheelhousings and rear quarter panels. Then more spray-on sound deadener is applied to other key areas.



HIGH STRENGTH BUMPERS.

They're lightweight steel, mounted directly to shock absorbers, which in turn are mounted to strong underbody rails.



FULL COIL SUSPENSION.

The front suspension is mounted on a shock-isolating heavy-gauge crossmember. Shock absorbers are outboard-mounted. There's a front stabilizer bar, too. The rear setup has a new torque tube drive axle for ride smoothness.

PROTECTED BY 17 ANTI-CORROSION METHODS.

Standard on every Chevette: There's a wax base spray that helps protect against corrosion on the inner side of doors, rocker panels and rear panels. Epoxy paint covers the Chevette's coil springs because it expands and contracts better than less costly, ordinary paint. Plastic inner fender liners protect outer front fenders from thrown road objects.

These plastic liners are highly corrosion resistant. Street salt and mud find it hard to build up in them. Zincrometal[®] is a pre-coated metal which has the dual advantages of combining a 2-coat corrosion-resistant system on the inner side with long-lasting paint adhesion on the outside. It's used in cowl, hood and roof. Rocker panels are galvanized metal. And zinc-rich primer goes on critical Chevette body areas for extra base protection against rust and corrosion before the final Magic-Mirror color you choose is applied.

*Zincrometal[®] is a registered trademark of the Diamond Shamrock Corporation.

FULL-WIDTH HATCH.

You can slide a four-foot-wide piece of plywood into the back of a Chevette. Dual hatch supports are pneumatically operated.



car worth looking into.



INTERNATIONAL TAILLIGHTS.

It's the red, white, and amber combination found in most world-type cars. Outside—stop. Middle—signal. Inside—backup.



SMART SWITCH.

It's where the turn signal arm usually is, and it operates turn signals, headlight dimmer, windshield wipers and washers. It also lets you give a lane changing signal.

LARGE 13-GALLON TANK.
Offers impressive cruising range for Chevette.

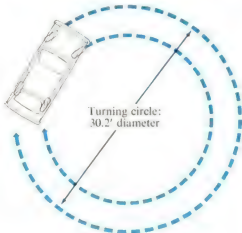
FRONT DISC BRAKES
Fade-resistant, smooth and water-shrugging. They have audible wear sensors to let you know when it's replacement time. Rear brakes are drum-type. Dual master cylinder system with separate circuit for front and rear brakes.



Chevette Coupe interior with vinyl upholstery.

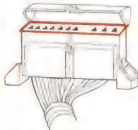


A SIMPLE SERVICE MANUAL.
Included with every new Chevette is an easy-to-understand, condensed service manual to help you perform minor service work yourself. Something that can be quite cost saving.



RACK-AND-PINION STEERING.

Chevette has European-type rack-and-pinion steering, a system that's compact, lightweight and proved dependable. This system gives Chevette one of the shortest turning circles of any 4-passenger car in the world. Only 30.2 ft. across. A turning tightness you'll appreciate every time you park.



DIAGNOSTIC CONNECTOR.

A built-in device that lets the do-it-yourselfer or a Chevy dealer make accurate, quick diagnostic checks of things like the Chevette's High Energy Ignition or other parts of the electrical system.

6,030 SERVICING DEALERS.

By latest count, Chevrolet has 2,983 more dealers across the country than VW, Toyota and Datsun combined. Volkswagen has 1,152. Toyota has 958. Datsun has 937. Keep these figures in mind when you think about service and parts later on.

Prices start at \$2899*.

2-Seat Scooter	\$2899*
Chevette Coupe (shown)	\$3098*
The Sport	\$3175*
The Rally	\$3349*
The Woody	\$3404*

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices including dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charge, available equipment, state and local taxes are additional.



Chevette

Chevrolet's new kind of American car.





WHAT CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION AND A SUCCESSFUL RECOVERY?

It can happen. The surgery is a success. But if body tissue fails to heal properly, the patient may face the trauma of a second operation.

But now, a surgical mesh made from Marlex[®] plastic is giving patients a better chance of recovery. It interlaces with body tissue, strengthening it so



Surgical mesh made from Marlex[®] plastic helps thousands of patients recover from surgery.

incisions can heal faster.

And who developed the plastic that helps patients avoid a return to surgery?

The same company that makes fine products for your car.

The Phillips Petroleum Company.
Surprised?

The Performance Company



Farewell to Feudalism

O.J. Simpson, Franco Harris and Larry Csonka, attracted by the glamour of Hollywood, will all play for the Los Angeles Rams. Joe Greene and his colleagues along the Pittsburgh Steelers' defensive line, plus the front four of the Minnesota Vikings, will follow the sun to Miami to sign with the Dolphins. Dozens of other stars will auction off their services every year to the highest bidder, and some cold-weather cities such as Green Bay and Buffalo won't be able to buy enough players to field a team.

That, say pro football owners, is the kind of chaos that will strike their sport if the reserve system is abolished and athletes are allowed to move from team to team at will. If so, the apocalypse is on its way. Players, who have bargained unsuccessfully and gone on strike for the

two pitchers who have played out their contracts—Andy Messersmith of the Dodgers and Dave McNally of the Expos—are free to negotiate with any team. In basketball, legal skirmishes have already caused setbacks for the reserve system. A Players Association suit against the N.B.A. is expected to eliminate all restraints. Federal Judge Robert Carter, who will hear the case, concluded in a previous decision that "the life of these restrictions appears to be all but over."

To athletes, their demise has not come a moment too soon. In all three sports, the structure of labor-management relations is almost feudal. Under

law upholds the reserve clause because the U.S. Supreme Court has repeatedly granted the game an exemption from antitrust prosecution. But the two most recent opinions by the high court have been grudging at best, and the majority in both cases suggested that Congress pass legislation to end the immunity. Until then (and Congress shows no signs of following the court's advice), players can try to follow the example of Messersmith and McNally.

Changing Teams. Elimination of reserve rules would undoubtedly increase the number of players changing teams, and might force a few football franchises to move to warmer cities, but turbulence can surely be kept to a minimum. Superstars, for instance, may not want to share the spotlight by congregating on a handful of teams, and even the wealthiest owners will not be able to afford a team of All-Stars. Moreover,



N.F.L. RULER PETE ROZELLE
Rarely any desire to move.



BALTIMORE'S JOHN MACKAY

right to choose where they play, are now winning their battles in the courts. For the third time in the past 13 months, a federal judge last week found the N.F.L.'s reserve system in violation of antitrust laws. This time, ruling on a suit filed by John Mackey, former Colts tight end and past president of the N.F.L. Players Association, Minneapolis Judge Earl Larson ripped the so-called Rozelle rule, linchpin of the reserve system. Calling it "an unreasonable restraint of trade," he concluded that the reserve clause "is so clearly contrary to public policy that it is per se illegal."

Contract Catch. His decision, stayed temporarily pending appeal, was a blow to more than the football establishment. It was an ominous sign to baseball and basketball, whose own reserve rules are under attack. The week before Larson's decision, a baseball arbitration panel stunned owners by deciding that

baseball's reserve system, players are theoretically bound in perpetuity to the team that signs them. Even if they complete their contractual obligations to a franchise, they are not free to sell their skills elsewhere. In the N.F.L. and the N.B.A., they can bargain with other teams—but there is a catch. If a man jumps to a new team in football, the new owners must compensate the old with a player or draft choice of equal value. If the teams cannot strike a deal, the commissioner has the power to set the terms himself. (Hence the name Rozelle rule, for Commissioner Pete Rozelle.) The N.B.A. has a similar, though unwritten, arrangement.

Owners argue that special constraints are required to maintain competitive balance. Without them, the rich teams could buy up all the talent. Says Kansas City Chiefs Owner Lamar Hunt, football would become "complete bedlam."

Who is right? In basketball and football, the courts clearly feel that whatever the merit of the owners' position, their policies are illegal. In baseball, the



DODGER ANDY MESSERSMITH

the average player, settled with a home and family, rarely wants to move. "Even though the L.A. Rams beat the hell out of us in the play-offs," says St. Louis Cardinals Center Tom Banks, "I don't want to play with them." Adds Randy Vataha, the Patriots' wide receiver, "Football players are basically insecure. They don't want to move because they're afraid they won't make the new team."

If too many players do try to move, leagues can simply create a pool allowing no team to hire more than 5% of the free agents unless that team has lost more than 5% to the pool. Signing players to long-term contracts would also discourage the footloose. "There are sensible solutions to these problems," says Dave DeBusschere, commissioner of the A.B.A., a league that already keeps its reserve rules to a minimum. "The archaic system sport has been operating under has got to change."

Sex and Suffering in the Afternoon



REPENTANT RACHEL ON *ANOTHER WORLD*

Sometimes it seems that there is no escape from the world of soap opera. Eileen Fulton, who has played the wicked Lisa on *As the World Turns* for 16 years, was punched in front of Manhattan's Lord & Taylor by an irate fellow shopper who had confused the TV screen with real life. Said Fulton: "At first I thought she wanted my autograph." An actor on the mystery soap *Edge of Night* was asked by a physician to stop killing off characters. One of the doctor's patients, a 94-year-old woman, was suffering agony over the deaths of so many people whom she felt she knew.

A few years ago, CBS was obliged to eliminate soap opera characters who were poor because the network was receiving piles of CARE packages. When Susan Seaforth Hayes as Julie of *Days of Our Lives* mulled over an abortion, she was mailed pictures of fetuses. And the endlessly frustrated romance of Alice Matthews and Steve Frame drove fans of *Another World* crazy. "Why don't you let them get married?" wailed one viewer. "Four times I've bought a new dress for the wedding. Four times I've bought champagne."

There are worse problems. After "Squeaky" Fromme's attempted assassination of President Ford, CBS affiliate WTVJ in Miami pre-empted five minutes of *Edge of Night* for a news program. The station's switchboard was immediately ablaze with calls. NBC Miami affiliate WCKT had a similar experience recently when Barbara Walters *Visits the Royal Lovers* pre-empted *The Doctors* and *Days of Our Lives*. Sighed an employee: "Finally we had to say, 'Hey, lady, it's just a story.'"

Just a story? Tell that to Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, who slips away from deliberations to ponder *Days of Our Lives*; to Sammy Davis Jr., who is such a fan of *Love of Life* that he made a guest appearance on it; to former Texas Governor John Connally or Andy Warhol, who are among the 10 million followers of *As the World Turns*; or to Novelist Dan Wakefield, who often bursts into tears at 12:30 when the plangent music of *All My Children* wells up. At Princeton, something like a quarter of the student body drops everything to watch *The Young and the Restless* each afternoon. When Agnes Nixon, who created a campus favorite, *All My Children*, asked a group of Duke University students why they watched the soaps, a young man replied: "It's the only constant in our lives."

In fact, there is a separate nation of more than 20 million Americans who weekly follow, or rather participate in, the soaps. Critic Renata Adler, who became addicted to *Another World* six years ago while ill with laryngitis, explains their loyalty: "When Lee Randolph died, a suicide who had lingered on for weeks, I watched her face being covered by a sheet, and I was riden by the event. But it was not at all like losing a character in fic-

tion of any other kind. I saw the characters in the soaps more often than my friends... It had a continuity stronger even than the news."

The symbiosis between audience and show makes soap operas unique—the most powerful entertainment on or off television. No play or film commands such long-term devotion; no TV show regularly attracts such numbers. The soaps are like Big Macs—a lot of people who won't admit it eat them up.

A lot of things are happening to soaps these days. In what is one of the worst-ever prime-time TV seasons, the soaps are prospering by offering sex and sorrow in the afternoon. Each year

TIME Rates the Soaps

The 14 soap operas on the networks are rated from four teardrops to none according to quality. The numeral in brackets is the show's Nielsen position in the last quarter of 1975.

Days of Our Lives (3) ○○○○

The most daring drama, encompassing every trend from artificial insemination to interracial romance. The Horton family's days pass with reckless brio. "We are a bunch of horny devils," admits the star, Susan Seaforth Hayes (NBC).

The Young and the Restless (4) ○○○○

A glossy, trendy and randy soap about the poor Foster and well-off Brooks families (CBS).

All My Children (5) ○○○○

A socially relevant romance about the Tylers and the Martins features bleeding hearts just this side of broken (ABC).

Another World (2) ○○○○

An old-fashioned and extremely complicated mate-swapping epic involving the Matthews, Frame, Randolph and Corey families (NBC).

Ryan's Hope (13) ○○○○

The newest soap and unique: the Ryans' religion is revealed to be Roman Catholic, and the bar they run is in a real place, New York City (ABC).

Search for Tomorrow (4) ○○

The oldest TV soap, *Search* has run for 25 years, and so has Marjorie Stuart as the thrice-widowed housewife Joanne Vincente (CBS).

TELEVISION



BROOKE RECOVERS ON DAYS OF OUR LIVES



A COMMON SIGHT ON EDGE OF NIGHT: ATTEMPTED MURDER BY ARSON IS FOILED

tion and venereal disease meshing with the old, familiar workings of unhappy families. This produces the kind of intense melodrama rarely seen in the evening. Currently, *The Young and the Restless* is helping a woman through a mastectomy with almost excessive realism. *All My Children* recently took six months to describe a child-abuse case; *How to Survive a Marriage* (now defunct) introduced a precedent-setting seduction scene that ended up with the participants in bed discussing impotence and frigidity.

Such raciness is enticing to viewers—and to advertisers. The fresher, more daring soaps are pulling younger, more af-

fluent viewers rather than the traditional audience of blue-collar housewives and the retired. There is also a trend to give the soaps more time for their vicissitudes. Last year NBC, in a push for supremacy in TV's richest market, daytime programming, expanded its two blockbuster soaps, *Days of Our Lives* and *Another World*, to an hour each, smashing the opposing game shows and half-hour soaps. Last month CBS followed NBC with an hour-long version of *As the World Turns*. More of the 14 soaps now on the air may soon go to an hour too. This shift in the length of the shows makes the ratings battle particularly fierce, with NBC and CBS juggling schedules to gain an edge.

The networks lose money on many of their prime-time shows; they need the daytime profits, which are now expected to show a healthy increase, to finance the more expensively produced evening programs. A show like *Kojak* costs \$250,000 to produce but brings in revenues of only \$200,000. To make one week of *Days of Our Lives* costs NBC \$170,000; daily advertising revenues are \$120,000.

Love of Life (10) ♂♂

Vicious sibling rivalry. While Good Sister Vanessa searches for human dignity with Bad Meg's ex-husband, Meg competes with her daughter for a lover (CBS).

The Doctors (7) ♂♂

Who could not love the most trustworthy man on TV, Dr. Matt Powers, father figure at Hope Memorial Hospital (NBC).

One Life to Live (9) ♂

A sociologist's delight, now giving way to careless love with the arrival of George Reinholt and Jacque Courtney (ABC).

Edge of Night (11) ♂

P.G. Wodehouse loved this mystery soap—based on Perry Mason—but why he did is a mystery (ABC).

General Hospital (8) ♂

If malpractice is this dull, it is worth insuring against. The only successful therapy offered is by Denise Alexander, who plays sensuous Dr. Leslie Williams (ABC).

As the World Turns (1) ♂

This popular and conservative soap should be subtitled "Musical Beds"—single ones, of course, because the Hughes family always observes the proprieties (CBS).

The Guiding Light (6)

The sole hope for the godly Bauers, now entering their 39th year on radio and TV, is that the family turns Trappist (CBS).

Somerset (12)

Another World got overly large 5½ years ago, so half the cast moved to *Somerset* and out of contention (NBC).

One of the ironies of the soaps' success is that nobody who works during the day can see them. What has become a persistent threnody in American life is shaped by housebound women, students, hippies and the unemployed. This ghettoization of the soaps has kept them freer of the kind of systematic analysis frequently made of sources of popular culture like comic strips and rock music. But now, after more than 40 years of near invisibility, soaps are gaining academic attention. Colleges are offering courses on them. They are being claimed as heirs to the 18th century tradition of the picaresque romantic novel. Others think Daniel Defoe started it all with *Moll Flanders*. This week, the soaps receive what intellectuals might consider the ultimate accolade: a serious parody. Norman Lear's spoof, *Mary Hartman! Mary Hartman!* will start airing on 90 independent stations—often scheduled opposite the very shows it is spoofing.

Seen one, seen 'em all, say cynics. For all their huge popularity and moneymaking capacity, the soaps are something of a mystery hit. For the uninitiated, there is only one word that really describes them: weird. To watch a soap is to be drawn into an enclosed and not particularly welcoming world.

Take the circumstances of *As the World Turns*, the quintessential "coffee table" drama that is all talk. The tent-pole characters—good, decent people on whom a plot may safely be hung—are Chris Hughes, a lawyer, and his wife Nancy. They are a sixtyish couple living out their days in trauma. Their son, Dr. Bob, is Job. The night he had an argument with ugly Norman Garrison, husband of Bob's second wife Sandy, Norman collapsed with a heart attack, and Bob's current wife Jennifer was killed in a car crash. Later, Norman also died. Meanwhile, Superbitch Lisa, Bob's first wife and once the most hated woman on TV, has a fourth husband, Grant Coleman, and has melo-
lowed. Bob's son Tom is married to the scheming Natalie, whom

TELEVISION

he defended in court. Bob's sister-in-law, pretty Kim, is married to nasty Dr. John Dixon, who has spent years trying to stop her from running off with handsome Dr. Dan Stewart. Last summer a tornado helped him; it knocked Kim down, causing amnesia. Now she cannot remember loving Dan.

Things are just as bad over at the Hortons in *Days of Our Lives*—but hipper. Venerable Dr. Tom Horton is presiding over four generations of chaos. His wife's religious faith is wavering. His eldest son Dr. Tom Jr. has recovered from amnesia. His second son Mickey still has amnesia and is now called Marty Hanson. Dr. Tom Sr.'s granddaughter Julie has been married twice. Recently she fell downstairs, and the baby she was carrying died. Julie is really in love with her late mother's husband Doug Williams. She cannot marry him because she feels guilty. Doug has entered an artificial insemination program so that his child by Julie's mother may have a playmate. Unknown to him, his housekeeper has arranged to be the child's mother. Julie's son David is now living with a struggling black

actors slur their speech, which suggests a speech impediment or drunkenness. The latter should never be discounted; social drinking seems moderate, but alcoholism now rates as soapland's top personal problem.

Bold analysts of the genre like to call soaps "the people's *Iliad*," a reference to the gloomy outcome of every story. Characters suffer fates that would challenge a classical god. Poor Elizabeth Stewart died a couple of days after her marriage on *As the World Turns* when she fell upstairs and ruptured her liver. On *The Doctors*, the sinister Dr. Allison killed himself in order to throw the blame on a successful rival. Later in the same show, an urbane psychiatrist, Dr. Morrison, drove his nurse to suicide so that she would not report his criminal behavior.

There is reason, other than art, for these fates. If a camel is a horse designed by a committee, then soaps are contrived in a public meeting—writers, producers and the public all pitching in. At a hint of disapproval from the audience, the snappiest soap plot can collapse. A few years ago, *Search for Tomorrow* introduced a story involving a predominantly black youth center. The audience did not like it, and it was quickly dropped.

This is understandable. Soaps were originally intended to be nothing more than subliminal salesmen. Back in 1933, when their first successful soap, *Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins*, was aired in Chicago, Procter & Gamble's commercials were skillfully buried in the plot. Writers prided themselves on a seamless blend of message and drama. Irena Phillips, the seminal soap writer who dominated the genre for 40 years, even thought she should forgo her credit to enhance the shows' realism. It was Phillips who anchored the soap to the family and peopled it with professionals. The youngest of an Iowa grocer's ten children, she used her grasp of the powerful mythologies that fill family life to enliven even the most banal script. Four of her shows—*Days of Our Lives*, *As the World Turns*, *Another World*, and *The Guiding Light*—are still running, though she died, at 70, in 1973.

The latter three soaps are owned by Procter & Gamble, which remains convinced that Phillips' homely style requires no updating. The last big-time soap sponsor, P & G runs the shows from Cincinnati with Kremlin-like authority. P & G's six serials (which also include *Edge of Night*, *Somerset* and *Search for Tomorrow*) are reworkings of conventional material and have little of the dash of the newer dramas. "I guess we're awfully dull," admits Joe Willmore, who directs the writers of *As the World Turns*. "I hate to say it, but I don't want to preach to people about social mores. I want to be largely accepted."

Writers are the kings of the soaps. William J. Bell, who writes what the trade calls the "bible"—or twelve-month outline—for *Days of Our Lives*, and scripts for his own soap, *The Young and the Restless*, earns more than \$1 million a year. Patricia Falken-Smith, *Days of Our Lives*' head writer, takes home \$250,000, plus \$35,000 just for "thinking creatively." The two senior writers under her make up to \$100,000 each. Bell is probably even richer than Agnes Nixon, the writer who has welded Phillips' home truths to such trendy themes as cervical cancer, racial prejudice and drug addiction. Nixon has at one time or another written almost every soap and created two: *One Life to Live* and *All My Children*, the thinking man's soap that has a 30% male audience. She is the soaps' crusader: *All My Children* went to Viet Nam and is now into women's liberation. After considerable tension, a young black couple have agreed to live in different cities for five days a week so they can pursue their different careers as doctor and social worker. Nixon's most memorable creation, however, was a traditional type, Rachel, the Circe of *Another World*. In 1966, when Nixon arrived at *World*, the show was in



STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI SETTLING DOWN TO WATCH THE SOAPS

family, the Grants, and falling in love with Daughter Valery. His abandoned girl friend Brooke tried to commit suicide. This month a couple who are indecisive about their sexual preferences will be introduced.

It appears that the facts of ordinary life must be abandoned when watching the soaps. There are more doctors than there are patients to treat. Amnesia is a plague. Neighbors are not friendly; they are sharks. Despite the melodrama, the surface properties are strictly observed; no one, for example, ever swears. There are no formal meals in soaps—everyone eats snacks. The main job of the characters is to repeat the plot. Sometimes time stops. One woman spent 17 days in a revolving door having flashbacks. Christmas means tragedy, the time when the soaps' already high body count rises. Women are interchangeable blondes who shuttle between two roles: Mother Mary and Lilith. The strongest, in fact the only motivation is love, and the dynamic is fate. Moral principles are enunciated only when they are about to be discarded.

Despite the Pill and abortion, pregnancy still automatically tends to follow fornication. Pregnancy itself is an uncharted condition. One valiant mom expected for 18 months. Once they are born, children are as precocious as the zombies in *Village of the Damned*. Overnight they turn into voting-age monsters.

The most startling physical characteristic of a soap is its sound. Soaps keen. The plots jerk along in a series of moans. Years ago, when radio serials were somewhat thin, actors were told to speak in "soap count," a half-step tempo. Thus many char-



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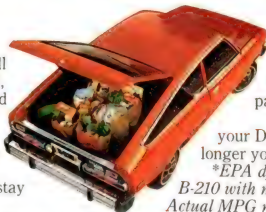
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trouble. Within a year she had introduced Rachel as a bewitching homewrecker and one of the soaps' durably popular villainesses.

How does one write a successful soap opera? Characterization is the key to a soap's success. When William Bell first thought of *The Young and the Restless* in 1973, he had in mind only the poor Foster family supported by a wrung-out mom, and the quartet of well-to-do, glamorous Brooks sisters, mired in sibling rivalry. "I look for things that touch people's lives," he explains. "I'm disappointed if my shows don't produce tears from the audience three times a week." Agnes Nixon defines the difference between daytime and prime-time drama as "the suffering of consequences." There is no time at night to experience the result of foolish actions, during the day, that is all there is to do.

It is not true, as is often rumored, that plots are lifted whole from old Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Crawford movies. "I get plots from my own life," says Falken-Smith, 50. "I've been married three times and been around. Most people I know are living soap operas." Falken-Smith got the idea for the *Days of Our Lives* artificial-insemination plot from an ad in the San Francisco *Examiner* offering \$10,000 to a woman who would bear a



ALL MY CHILDREN: THE MOST REALISTIC TREATMENT OF THE VIET NAM STORY

child to a man married to a barren wife.

Soap bibles are increasingly complicated. In the '50s Agnes Nixon wrote five shows a week. "No one could do that today. Characters do not sit around their coffee cups like they used to," she says. The hour-long format "places a 500% extra pressure on writers," says Falken-Smith. Friday is the most important episode of the week, a cliffhanger is necessary to induce viewers to come back after the weekend. On the slower soaps, it is the only day anything ever happens. Falken-Smith often writes *Days of Our Lives*. Friday install-

The Soaps' Hottest Lovers

When Susan Seaforth Hayes was four, she played the soon-to-be-orphaned child named Trouble in *Madama Butterfly* in Los Angeles. It was a prophetic debut. At 32, Susan is still jerking tears. For seven years, she has been the troublemaking Julie of *Days of Our Lives* whose voluptuous cleavage and lustrous black eyes get her every guy in Salem except the one she really wants—Doug Williams. Fate has kept Julie from Doug—a torture that regularly throws her into despair and hysteria. For her performance, however, Susan rates nothing but hyperbole. Says Joan Blondell: "I don't know anyone but Sarah Bernhardt who could sustain all that suffering so long."

Susan is the diamond in the crown of *Days of Our Lives* which also boasts the brightest writers and the best acting. Susan is strongly tipped to win a daytime Emmy. If she does not, it will mean she is too good. Explains Writer Patricia Falken-Smith: "It's tough for a Jezebel type to win." Susan never really stops being Julie. "I find myself dreaming the way she would." Of Doug, no doubt. Of course, the reason may be that Bill Hayes, who plays Doug, is right there beside Susan. A year ago, they were married in real life, much to the writers' delight. "It was a natural for us," says Falken-Smith, who promptly heated up the love scenes. In fact, it was the script that brought the couple together. Emotionally exhausted from a messy divorce that left him to care for five teenage children, Bill arrived on

Days in 1970 looking only for a friend. "But then," explains Susan, "we started to do love scenes. That was just about the ball game."

Hayes, 50, started out as a pop singer. In 1955, he launched the bestselling *Ballad of Davy Crockett*. Meanwhile, Susan was growing up as a second-generation soap actress in Los Angeles. Her mother, Elizabeth Harrower, was a veteran of dozens of radio serials. Susan played a villain on *Lassie*, trying to poison the popular collie. Recalls Susan: "A few boys threatened to beat me up." Later she graduated to small parts in soaps, but her career was stalled by the politicization of her love life. She was dating a right-wing newscaster and campaigning hard for Barry Goldwater. "I was suddenly controversial and found it hard to get work." When she finally landed the role of Julie in 1968, she was overwhelmed. "It was the most thrilling day of my life. I had been accepted."

Bill and Susan each earn \$75,000 a year. Most evenings they just stay in their Spanish-style home in Burbank and study their scripts. Says Bill: "The real Susan is a quiet homebody who loves to bake cherry pies."

The couple have a nightclub act they plan to take around to colleges. Bill sings *The Look of Love*, his theme song on *Days*, and Susan has a patter number called *I Enjoy Doing the Soaps*. They are mobbed when they appear in public. Fame is fun for Bill, who loves his female admirers. Says he: "They treat me as if I were Robert Redford." Susan, however, has a reservation: "Most of the men in this country don't even know I exist."

DAYTIME TELEVISION'S KING & QUEEN RELAX AT HOME





THE YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS: RACY



GENERAL HOSPITAL: ANTISEPTIC



AS THE WORLD TURNS: MUSICAL BEDS



RYAN'S HOPE: BIG-CITY REALISM

with their colleagues—so syllables are few and speeches short and clear. The shows themselves are usually taped only a week in advance. Says Falken-Smith: "If a rival show suddenly pulls a big rating, you've got to be able to counter it with a shift in plot of your own."

Under such pressures, it is not surprising that writers suffer from amnesia too. It has happened that a woman who underwent a hysterectomy years ago suddenly becomes a mother; nor has it been unknown

for a man to marry his sister, revealed years before to have been his father's illegitimate child. *Days of Our Lives*' writers literally abandoned Dr. Tom's eldest son, an amnesiac who lusted openly but unknowingly after his sister Marie, finally driving her to a nunnery. Then he went upstairs to bed. That was more than two years ago. Last month he came downstairs. *Days'* cast expected him to say: "What's for breakfast? I'm famished."

Writers often lose a character for a while or injure him for plot purposes or to test popularity. Last spring Millionaire Mack Corey, the indulgent husband of Rachel on *Another World*, was injured in a polo match and temporarily paralyzed from the waist down so his wife would be tempted to fool around. A similar ploy was used by Bell on *The Young and the Restless*. When Jennifer Brooks went off with a lover, she went out of focus. Says Bell: "I knew I had to pull back. How more dramatically than to put her on center stage?" Jennifer left her lover and got breast cancer.

Viewers have been writing to Jennifer Brooks about her operation. Actress Dorothy Green has received the letters somewhat nervously. "It's creepy. I almost feel I had the mastectomy." To be a soap star is to live a double life. "I was paged in an airport by my real name," says Edward Mallory, who has played the troubled Dr. Bill Horton on *Days of Our Lives* for the past ten years, "and I ignored the page. Most of my life I am Bill Horton." Sometimes this goes beyond a joke. David Rounds, who played a suspected child molester, Phil Donnelly, on *Love*

their real names on-camera or get so confused by stage blocking that they walk through fake walls. Says Art Wolf, a director of *Another World*, the most elaborate soap: "The most difficult thing is putting an hour show together so fast." *World* has 37 sets, a live band and a discothèque; logistics alone requires a small army of a crew. The action is reminiscent of early Hollywood. "You can't spend time refining," says Wolf. "The most important thing is to develop a relationship between the actors." At best, this is tricky: fearful of being confused in the unforeseeable and fast-changing soap milieu, most actors do not learn their lines until the night before.

Oldtimers like Mary Stuart of *Search for Tomorrow* earn \$100,000 a year. The average actor takes home \$35,000—about what many Broadway stars get. "I got to talking to Julie Harris a few years ago," says Michael M. Ryan, a veteran soap actor who is now John Randolph in *Another World*, "and that was what she earned that year. I was horrified." Now Ryan believes that the soaps subsidize Broadway. "If it weren't for them, there would be no actors left in New York." In Los Angeles, where *General Hospital*, *Days of Our Lives* and *The Young and the Restless* are made, a soap job is almost equally important. Three hundred and fifty actresses showed up recently for a *Days* audition.

They did not come just for the money. Currently, soaps offer women the widest range of roles available. Still, nobody starts out with soaps as a goal. "When I first went into soaps," recalls Victoria Wyndham, who plays the *Femme fatale* Rachel, "I didn't tell my serious acting friends. I thought they'd laugh. But now I'm proud of my work; some of the best acting, best moments are in this medium."

Many stars, including Ellen Burstyn, Warren Beatty, Lee Grant and Sandy Dennis, have passed through the soaps. Even Lee Strasberg has something nice to say about them: "It's good training; you learn to improvise because you don't know what's going to happen next."

Fans find out what is happening to their favorites through a dozen-odd soap magazines. *Daytime TV* is the largest and purest: it has a 380,000 circulation and discusses only soaps. Mostly the stories are breathless accounts of stars' offscreen habits and romances. Item: Carolee Campbell is leaving her role in *The Doctors* to pursue her interest in the martial arts. Last year the mags had some real meat to chew. *Another World* actor George Reinholt, the soaps' 'bad boy,' had so many off-camera tantrums that enraged Head Writer Harding Lemay wrote him out of the show. That was an impolitic move. Reinholt and Actress Jacquie Court-

ney (Alice Frame) had become the serials' second hottest lovers (after *Days of Our Lives'* Doug and Julie). Soon after, Jacque was dumped too. George and Jacque took the row to the pages of *Daily TV Serials*. Now George and Jacque are back together on *One Life to Live*, and their onscreen love affair has already pumped the ratings.

Far more modest than the magazines is the *Daytime Serial Newsletter* (\$8 per year, 20,000 subscribers), put out monthly by Bryna Laub, a California housewife. With eight television sets in her house, she tapes each show for later transcription. The idea for *Newsletter* was her husband's: after Bryna had spent hours on the phone updating her working women friends on their favorite serials, he cried in frustration, "Why tell them for free? Charge them and you can make a fortune!"

Will the irreverent *Mary Hartman! Mary Hartman!* inspire the same kind of fevered loyalty? The first episodes feature exhibitionism, mass murder and impotence. Louise Lasser plays pliable Mary as if in a permanent coma. A fast and funny show, *Mary Hartman!* underscores the euphemistic nature of the soaps: terrible things may happen, but it is the emotional reaction to them that is emphasized.

But cracking jokes is kidding yourself, and this is bound to bring *Mary Hartman!* a different audience from the people who enjoy taking the real soaps seriously. In fact, all soaps are a solitary trip on which the individual viewer's imagination is given

free rein. No two fans ever understand a soap situation quite the same way.

This nebulous quality ultimately makes the characters baffling. Women are at once narcissistic and manipulative as well as sturdy, realistic survivors. Men are both fatherly providers and wicked seducers. Critic Leslie Fiedler, who is faithful to *All My Children*, theorizes that soaps are anti-male: "First, they show how men exploit women, and second, in a crisis the men are impotent." This may help explain the soaps' unique aspect. Nowhere else in life or drama are both men and women seen to be equally interested in emotional relationships. Psychiatrist Robert Coles, who frequently watches the soaps with the blue-collar and poor families who are the subjects of his studies, thinks they have a philosophic impact. He recalls a working-class woman "who sits down to watch a soap, then turns it off and asks herself what is really the existential question: What is life all about?"

The British serial *Upstairs, Downstairs* (which will start its third season on public television this week) does not do that. Like the soaps, it is a dense family drama, but there the resemblance ends. *Upstairs, Downstairs* reflects a society in which masters and servants are bound to each other by shared and common memories. There is an intimacy, both abrasive and comforting, that precludes abandonment, despair and uncontrollable passions. Soap operas, on the other hand, are folk tales that tug at the soul of a nation of strangers for whom television itself is a bond. Tolstoy thought that unhappy families were unhappy in different ways. But a Madison Avenue philosopher, selling sex and suffering in the afternoon, remarks: "Show me an unhappy home and I'll show you a home that doesn't like television."

Lawyers v. Lawyers

Other California lawyers grumble that Sacramento Attorney Edward P. Freidberg is "a wise guy just looking for trouble." What bugs them is not that Freidberg, at 40, is one of the busiest medical-malpractice lawyers on the West Coast, and earns an income that allows him a large house in Sacramento, an apartment in Los Angeles, a condominium in Hawaii and a pair of race horses. Freidberg upsets his colleagues because he is pioneering in what promises to be a busy new activity in the field of professional malpractice: big-money court suits against negligent lawyers.

Though they have not yet reached the epidemic level of medical-malpractice cases, suits against lawyers are increasing at a steep rate. Companies insuring lawyers estimate that the number of claims has doubled in the past four years. The current issue of *Juris Doctor* reports that "warnings are out for every attorney." Predicts Fred Grabowsky, counsel to the District of Columbia bar: "This is the next growth area of the law. Once the doctors have been picked clean, the lawyers will be hauled in. People won't let any professionals get away with mistakes."

So far, most malpractice suits against lawyers have resulted from downright negligence or technical fouls: administrative and clerical errors, deeds filed improperly, and even failure to file a suit on time. Recently, a former patient at Prince George's General

Hospital outside of Washington, D.C., hired an attorney to file a malpractice suit against the hospital. Mistakenly believing he had three years to file instead of six months as prescribed by local law, the lawyer delayed too long and thus booted the case. The client sued his attorney for negligence and won \$100,000 in damages.

Damn Fool. One of the early big-money cases of legal malpractice was the one that drew Lawyer Freidberg into the field. In 1967 Rosemary Smith, a Sacramento housewife, sued to divorce her husband, a retired general in the state National Guard. Her lawyer advised her that she had no claim to a share of her husband's pension. Then after the settlement she learned that such benefits are indeed considered community property in California. Mrs. Smith decided to sue her counsel. Three lawyers declined to take the case, Freidberg accepted it, took the attorney to court and eventually won a judgment of \$100,000. Early last year the influential California Supreme Court upheld Mrs. Smith's claim in a decision that set high standards for the performance of attorneys. Said the court: "Even as to doubtful matters, an attorney is expected to perform sufficient research to enable him to make an informed and intelligent judgment on behalf of his client."

Though clients seem increasingly eager to sue for lawyers' malpractice, lawyers are not as enthusiastic about bringing another attorney to court. Says Freidberg: "Lawyers don't have enough

self-confidence to say, 'If another attorney is negligent, let him fall.'"

Freidberg's firm has won four major legal-malpractice suits, totaling \$282,000 in damages. He has four more suits pending and plans to file another soon. Meanwhile, his track record has brought him calls from prospective clients from all parts of the country. Says

LENN W. COHEN



EDWARD FREIDBERG IN HIS OFFICE
Treating attorneys like doctors.

THE LAW

John Malone, executive secretary of the California bar: "An attorney who does not take malpractice insurance today is just a damn fool."

Those who do still pay much less for their protection than doctors: annual rates average about \$325 nationwide, v. \$2,000 for doctors (who pay much more in some areas). Yet legal-malpractice premiums are rising. Premiums jumped an average of 300% last year in Wisconsin to more than \$600. The major underwriter in Michigan was granted a 72% increase to an average of \$321, and insurers are seeking even bigger increases in other states.

The American Bar Association has set up a malpractice task force to seek ways of avoiding the plight of the premium-strapped medical profession. Yet some lawyers suggest that the rise in malpractice suits is just a symptom of a more fundamental problem. Says Freidberg: "There's a certain percentage of lawyers who are just flat out incompetent, and this is well known among those in the legal community." Still, most state bars have been lax in disciplining lawyers except on grounds of gross misbehavior. Until judges and bar associations find more effective ways of checking on the quality of legal services in their jurisdictions, a major share of the policing power will be left to individual lawyers and their angry clients.

Briefs

► At Park Hills High in Fairborn, Ohio, 6-ft. 7-in. Mike Borden was the basketball team's high scorer and Most Valuable Player. Eager to continue his basketball career, Borden, 18, enrolled at Ohio University last fall and won the starting center position on the junior varsity. Then, last October, he was suddenly cut from the squad. The university had decided to adopt a recommendation of the American Medical Association that any player with only one of a pair of vital organs should be disqualified from contact sports. Thus Borden, who had lost one eye in a childhood accident, was out—or so it seemed until the American Civil Liberties Union filed a suit seeking his return to the team. Last week the U.S. District Court in Columbus told the university to put Borden back on the team. Said Judge Robert M. Duncan: "The public interest allies with allowing this man to live his own life."

► In March 1974, two men dragged Inez Garcia from her Soledad, Calif., apartment, and one of them raped her. That was what Mrs. Garcia later testified when she was tried for the murder of Miguel Jimenez, one of the alleged attackers. According to Garcia, less than an hour after the assault, she hunted down Jimenez and Luis Castillo. She shot Jimenez but Castillo got away. At the trial, she said defiantly, "I'm only sorry I missed Luis." Feminists made an issue

of the case, which they hoped would establish a woman's right to retaliate violently against rape. But the prosecution contended that rape is not a justification for homicide. Moreover, the state argued that there had been no rape, that the killing followed a row over drugs. The jury found her guilty and Superior Court Judge Stanley Lawson sentenced her to five years to life imprisonment. Now the California Court of Appeals has ordered a new trial, though the reason has nothing to do with women's rights. In instructing the jury, said the court, Judge Lawson erred by explaining the criteria for guilt in terms "strikingly comparable" to the less stringent ones used in civil cases. The state intends to appeal.

► "My friends began to steer clear of me after they found out what mom was," Jimmy Risher, 17, told a Dallas jury. What Jimmy meant was that his mother, Mary Jo Risher, 38, is an avowed lesbian who was divorced in 1971 and now lives with another woman. Embarrassed by his mother's new housekeeping arrangement, Jimmy decided in 1974 to move in with his father, Douglas L. Risher Jr., who had remarried. The father then went to court to gain custody of Jimmy's nine-year-old brother Richard. Risher's lawyer implored the jury not to make the youngster "a guinea pig in someone else's social experiment." Mrs. Risher, a nurse, countered that her relationship did not interfere with raising her son. But the jury of ten men and two women, apparently moved by Jimmy's emotional plea to "get my brother out of this particular home," granted custody to the father. The verdict is a legal setback for gay-rights activists, who contend that homosexuality should not be considered an obstacle to being a good parent.

MARY JO RISHER LEAVING COURT



DINERS SETTLING DOWN TO BAKED MAKO

Shark à la Mode

On the way to gulping \$150 million for its makers, the movie *Jaws* is spattering finny largesse all over the pop landscape. Shark teeth, selling for as much as \$100 apiece unmounted, have bitten off a sizable hunk of the gimcrackery market in the form of necklaces, earrings and bracelets. Boston's New England Aquarium even sells small molars for 25¢ each. Fishing-gear dealers report a surging demand for the extra-heavy rigs—ranging in price from \$200 to \$1,000—that are needed to land the beasts on beach or boat. Shark-hunting clubs are booming. The ultimate shudder, rumored to be offered by a West Coast travel agency, is a \$4,000 shark special to Australia that climaxes when the tourist is lowered into the ocean in a steel cage, which then is supposedly attacked by a slaver great white.

When *Jaws*mania subsides, however, it may leave a welcome and lasting legacy on U.S. shores. Largely as a result of the book and the film, shark meat is slowly but steadily finding a place on the dinner table. The tooth-some steaks still are often sold to the unsuspecting under such fishy pseudonyms as "steakfish," "grayfish" and "whitefish"; the idea of dining on shark has traditionally been about as attractive to many Americans as eating fried tarantula or sting ray in aspic. But enterprising fish dealers and restaurateurs have found that they can overcome this revulsion by getting people to put shark to the taste test.

Succulent Dish. A pioneer shark promoter is New Orleans' Preston Battistella, 50, one of the biggest fish wholesalers on the Eastern seaboard. In 1973, when he started handling shark meat, Battistella sold 60,000 lbs.; in 1975 his volume was more than 300,000 lbs. His biggest breakthrough came after he in-



AT GATSBY'S RESTAURANT IN ATLANTA

vited the New Orleans school board to lunch and served them "fish creole." When he identified the succulent dish as shark, selling for only 75¢ per lb., at \$3.50 per lb. for pompano or snapper, he landed a three-month contract to sell the school system 40,000 lbs. Says Orleans Parish Food Buyer Jeanne Elliott: "It's about as popular as spaghetti and meat sauce or veal parmigiana," adding, "Of course, we just call shark 'seafood' on the menus." Battistella is also successfully selling frozen shark filets (at \$1.32 per lb.) in New Orleans supermarkets, and reports that a food processor is testing a shark sandwich spread.

There are honorable reasons for shark to make it to the menu. The firm white meat resembles swordfish but is slightly more chewy, and has a scallop-like texture. Easy to clean and butcher, it is almost oil-free (sharks store all their fat in their liver), is rich in vitamins and minerals and contains almost as much protein as canned tuna. Shark is a highly esteemed food in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, the Orient (indeed, delicately flavored shark's fin soup is a standard dish in U.S. Chinese restaurants) and Latin America, where savory dried and smoked shark meat is known as *hacalao de tiburón*. In England, vast quantities of dogfish, a small shark, are sold in fish-and-chips shops.

In the U.S., some restaurateurs contend that shark may become as popular as Mahi-Mahi, a dolphin dish that has become a prized delicacy in Hawaii and the West. Miami Entrepreneur William Doherty, who has built a \$275,000 trawler-factory to fish for shark, calls it "the product of the future." Its fate will depend largely on the success of the strategy that U.S. restaurateurs are using to overcome the stigma of shark, capitalizing on it. At Gatsby's restaurant in Atlanta's American Motor Hotel, for example, Catering Di-



SKINNING SHARK AT ST. PETERSBURG

rector George Gold promotes his baked mako by putting 16-in. stuffed sharks on diners' tables, along with a card announcing JAWS FOR A JAW-FUL REVENGE. A fashionable Indian restaurant in Manhattan, Nirvana on Rooftop, draws attention to its shark curry by keeping three small sharks in a tank. It does not have to warn customers against squeezing the charmers.

Brass in Boston

The pride of many an English country church is its brass—not the personages in the pews but the medieval nobles whose likenesses, engraved on brass plates, are lovingly laid into parish floor and wall. Their lively presences have long been prized by those Americans who, on pilgrimage, spend

long hours in drafty naves rubbing the images onto paper.* Now, for would-be brass rubbers, the transatlantic trip is no longer necessary. A unique shop in downtown Boston, the London Brass Rubbing Centre, makes available to plate rubbers meticulous plastic copies of top brasses ranging from a rare depiction of a 17th century child to an armored, gauntleted, 6-ft. knight who served Kings Edward III and Richard II.

Minute Detail. Some 8,000 commemorative brasses are still to be found in England, dating from the reign of Edward I to the Civil War in the 17th century. They record in continuous, minute detail the costumes, weapons and fashions of those four centuries. Thus they are greatly prized not only by historians but also by rubbing collectors who find a gentil parfit knight and his wimpled lady good company on their walls. William Hawkes, owner of the Boston brasserie, charges customers from \$2.50 to \$18 to take an impression, depending on size. One top-priced favorite is the 3-ft.-tall skeleton of a person unknown from the church in Hildersham, Cambridgeshire; another is Lady Margaret Peyton, wearing a richly detailed gown of Italian brocade and an elaborate butterfly-coiffure, who lies with her husband Thomas and his first wife, also named Margaret, in Cambridgeshire.

Hawkes gets his replicas from an English firm that obtained the churches' permission to make them. Brass-colored and authentic to the last rivet mark, they are impossible to differentiate from originals—many of which have been rubbed so smooth that they are now off limits to collectors. Indeed, an English couple visiting the Boston establishment were filled with indignation that their churches had allowed the original treasures to be pirated to America.

*A process similar to transferring George Washington's likeness from a quarter, using paper and crayon.

RUBBING CENTRE'S WILLIAM HAWKES & 17TH CENTURY ENGLISH PERSONAGES





SLEEPING STUDENTS AWAIT PLACEMENT OFFICE OPENING



CARPENTER PREPARES TO FILE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT AID IN CLEVELAND



TOP: 1968, RICHARD L. FARMER; BOTTOM: 1970, RICHARD L. FARMER

JOBS

The Elusive Objective of Full

One of the anomalies of 1975 was the curious public quiescence about the highest unemployment rates that the nation has seen in the era since World War II. The rate hit 9.2% last May, and has since inched down to 8.3%. Members of TIME's Board of Economists unanimously predict, in line with most other forecasters, that it will still be above 7% at the end of 1976—meaning that it will be as high after a year-and-a-half of recovery as it has been at the bottom of some previous recessions.

Yet there were no job riots, no encampments of the unemployed in Washington, few loud calls for radical economic and social change. As the election year of 1976 opens, the AFL-CIO is calling for a damn-the-consequences drive to slash the jobless rate as rapidly as possible. It urges the Government to expand the money supply at whatever rate may be necessary, adopt whatever tax-and-spending policies seem called for, and even start direct public-hiring programs (the union federation does not say for what kind of jobs) to get the jobless rate down to 3% and keep it there. By much the same measures, a bill introduced almost a year ago by perennial Presidential Hopeful Hubert Humphrey and Democratic Congressman Augustus Hawkins of California calls for a 3% rate within 18 months—but that bill has not advanced even to the stage of committee hearings. In fact, the latest opinion polls show that unemployment ranks a poor second to inflation as a public economic worry.

Why this strange quiet in a nation supposedly committed by law (the Employment Act of 1946) to strive always for "maximum employment"? Part of the answer undoubtedly is that the public, in the words of Economist Otto Eckstein, is still "shell-shocked" by the severity of the recession that ended last spring. People seem to recognize, accurately, that years will be required to repair the damage to the jolted economy. In addition, the consciences of people who are working have been assuaged by the knowledge that the U.S. does a far better job of taking care of its unemployed than it used to. Jobless benefits paid

out during 1975 totaled about \$20 billion; an unemployed worker with dependents can now collect up to \$156 a week tax free for as long as 65 weeks, though the average payment is \$71 a week.

But much of the public quiet probably reflects a puzzled awareness that the economy and the labor force are changing in such a way as to make the goal of "full employment" difficult even to define, let alone reach. Traditionally, a 4% jobless rate has been accepted as practical "full employment." That definition is now 20 years old; it is based on the fact that unemployment averaged 4.1% during 1956, a year in which the economy seemed to be showing balanced growth, at about its best long-range potential, with little inflation.

In recent years, the nation's labor force has been swollen by a vast influx of new people looking for work. Between 1968 and 1974, the labor force grew by 11 million people, or 2 million more than the Government's Bureau of Labor Statistics had projected. (The labor force now totals 93.4 million—so that each percentage point of the unemployment rate stands for 934,000 people who want jobs and cannot get them.) Many of the new entrants are blacks; many more are women and teen-agers, some of whom are seeking to earn second incomes in families that already have a breadwinner employed. These people tend to change jobs frequently and move in and out of the unemployment category. A poorly educated, unskilled black or a teen-ager, for example, may alternate between a few weeks of work at a local car wash when it is especially busy, and a few weeks on the unemployment rolls. A third of the 8 million people counted as jobless in November had been out of work less than five weeks.

A Hair Below. Some economists argue, in fact, that the economy is doing about as well as it ever has in creating jobs for traditional, career-minded workers. Irvin Kellner, vice president and economist of Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. in New York, points out that since 1948 the number of people who do have jobs has averaged 55.4% of the U.S. population over 16 years of age. The ratio in November was only a hair below that: 55.2%.

An 8% unemployment rate no longer means as much joblessness among primary breadwinners as the same rate would have 20, ten or even five years ago. In November, for example, the unemployment rate for married men was 4.6%—not much more than half the average for all would-be workers, though high by prosperity standards. By con-

Employment

trast, the rate for adult women was 7.8%—lower than the average for all groups, but higher than the rate for adult men. The rate was 13.8% for blacks and other minorities, and for teen-agers: a towering 18.6%.

None of this means that joblessness can be callously dismissed as a minor problem. Many inflation-pressed families need the second income that an employed woman or teen-ager could earn. Moreover, warns Eckstein, if a nation frustrates the ambitions of large numbers of people to work, "you destroy social cohesion." The black who wants to hold a steady job, the woman who wants to use her training and talents outside the home, the teen-ager who longs to start supporting himself, could, with some justice, feel bitter against an economic system that confines them to, at best, in-and-out roles in the labor market.

Even so, many economists contend that the traditional 4% "full-employment" goal has become unrealistic. They view a 5% figure as about the best that can be achieved without radical changes in the way that labor markets operate. Still other experts argue, with much force, that no single statistic can or should be sanctified as the "full-employment" goal. One of them is Robert Aaron Gordon of the University of Cal-

ifornia, who headed a Government study that led to the last major overhaul of employment statistics in 1962. He contends that the nation should develop "an array of target unemployment rates for different segments of the labor force." Unfortunately, much more analytical work will have to be done before economists or Government officials can decide with any assurance what would be realistic, achievable target employment rates for, say, blacks, women and teen-agers.

What Not to Do. How to reach whatever targets might be set? The way *not* to do it is to adopt the AFL-CIO-Humphrey-Hawkins approach. This inevitably would pump so much money into the economy as to raise demand to the point at which employers sign on almost anybody who shows up, with the Government hiring the residue, many in make-work jobs. A non-partisan study last May by the Library of Congress indicated that an attempt to get the overall jobless rate down to 3% within 18 months would push inflation back up to "a 12% to 13% annual rate" initially, and even more later on. One reason: long before employers hired the last ghetto black or unskilled high-schooler, severe shortages of skilled technical and professional workers would develop, leading to low productivity and inflationary wage boosts. Such a program would be self-defeating, because unrestrained inflation eventually causes job-destroying recession—by pricing houses out of the reach of people who might want to buy them, for instance.

Rather than a crash program, the nation needs years of steady growth in production at somewhere around the 6% pace widely predicted for 1976 to come anywhere close to full employment. In order to achieve 6% economic expansion for several years, the Government may well have to adopt more generous money-supply, tax and spending policies. But even steady growth will not solve the problems of low skills and high turnover rates among would-be workers that now contribute so heavily to high unemployment. The nation also needs

supplementary programs offering specific help to the people who now find it hardest to get and hold jobs. Among steps that should be taken.

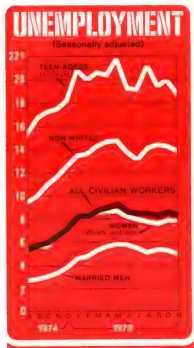
► Vigorous enforcement of antidiscrimination laws and "affirmative action" programs to stimulate the hiring of women and blacks.

► Expansion and redirection of Government-financed job-training programs. Economist Charles Holt of the Urban Institute, a private research organization, suggests that the Government finance more programs to train semiskilled workers to move up into highly skilled jobs. That would open up more semiskilled jobs.

► Easing of the transition between school and work—which is now much rougher in the U.S. than it is in many other industrial countries. Former Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, for example, calls for setting up local community-education-work councils. These help students with career planning—and help schools train them for jobs that actually will be there.

► Making the minimum wage lower for teen-agers than for adults. At present employers must pay the same basic minimum—\$2.30 an hour as of New Year's Day—to workers of all ages. That requirement prices out of the market many youths looking for their first jobs.

These are only first steps; many more could be suggested. The nation should surely set up a computerized "job bank," which would list employment opportunities all over the country and perhaps pay Government job-search and relocation allowances to people who cannot find work in their home communities. Many economists argue for revisions of U.S. tax laws, such as higher depreciation allowances and a lower corporate income tax, to spur more job-creating investments. Whatever the precise mix of policies, the point is that the U.S. must begin some such program of structural reforms in the labor market soon. In the economy of the 1970s, even continued growth, though indispensable, can no longer guarantee a regular job to everybody who wants one.



BRITAIN

Edging Back from the Brink

While the U.S. and continental Europe began their economic upturns, Britain continued for months to wallow in the trough of recession. In fact, other countries feared that Britain's economic woes—notably, a galloping inflation and a weakening pound—might trigger a new international economic crisis. But as the new year began, it was evident that Britain, though still lagging behind other nations, has firmly entered the recovery stage. The three major signs:

1) Inflation, which reached a ruinous annual rate of 28% in 1975, has braked to a more manageable 15% and is expected to ease to a single-digit rate by late '76. Though that rate is still higher than those of Britain's major trading partners, the trend is favorable.

2) The pound, which has fallen from its last official parity of \$2.60 to a present low of \$2.02, has begun to stabilize. Fears of a run on the pound have subsided. Though investors are generally not buying sterling, they are not selling it either. As Sheikh Hisham Nazer, Saudi Arabian Minister for Economic Planning, said recently of his country's large sterling balances: "The British are not worried about them, nor are we."

3) Industrial recovery, which for months was nonexistent, is finally beginning. New orders are increasing, and British G.N.P., which declined in 1975, is expected to show a sliver of growth this year. Company profits, which fell drastically last year, are starting to recover, and the London stock exchange is rebounding. The *Financial Times* industrial index of ordinary shares has risen by about 84% since last summer.

Though Britain's recovery has been helped by the improving international economic climate, the cure has been

largely self-administered. The main feature is Prime Minister Harold Wilson's deal with trade unions to hold wage increases to a maximum of \$12 per week, thus slowing the inflationary spiral. In addition to wage restraint, the Labor government is seeking to put Britain's nationalized industries, which have eaten up \$18 billion in taxes and loans over the past few years, on a sounder economic footing. Instead of being run for such "social goals" as full employment and regional development, the nationalized industries, which account for 11% of Britain's \$187 billion G.N.P., are now being told to earn profits, and outstanding businessmen from the private sector are being brought in to run them. For example, the new chief of state-owned British Airways is Sir Frank McFadzean, the former chairman of the Shell Transport & Trading Co. Further, the nationalized industries are being encouraged to bring prices in line with production costs: the Electricity Board, a state utility monopoly, has been permitted a 40% rate hike. British Steel Corp. has finally been given the Cabinet's O.K. to slice the nationalized firm's over-stuffed work force by one-quarter.

In a New Year's interview, Wilson warned the British to expect "bleak months ahead." To increase the momentum of the economic recovery, the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Denis Healey, are planning a stern new policy that will try to hold average wage rises in 1976 to 7%, with the upper limit obtainable only through increases in productivity. The Cabinet has also decided to cut spending, trimming some \$5 billion from projected public works.

Muddling Through. The big question: Will Wilson persevere? Only recently he reneged on his policy of not helping inefficient companies, by agreeing to a politically expedient bailout of Chrysler's inept British subsidiary (TIME, Dec. 29). As his austerity policies cause a loss of jobs, he will come under increasing pressure to ease Britain's unemployment, which now stands at a postwar high of 1.2 million, or 5.2% of the labor force. Even now, the railroad workers, fearing layoffs, have begun to stage protest marches in London. Judged by his record, Wilson is incapable of executing the basic restructuring that Britain's archaic economic system so drastically needs. Instead, he hopes only to muddle through for the next few years, until oil riches from under the North Sea may come to the rescue, providing Britain with a cushion of cash to handle its heavy foreign debts.



FEDERAL ENERGY ADMINISTRATOR FRANK ZARB

ENERGY

Gas: Enough for Now

In each of the past five years, federal and industry officials have frightened the nation with dire predictions of severe winter shortages of natural gas, and each time the actual shortfall has turned out to be manageable. The 1975 forecasts, however, sounded alarmingly convincing. Last July, President Ford himself warned that plant shutdowns caused by gas shortages "will mean substantially less jobs" during the winter of 1975-76 and "could interfere with economic recovery," while a gas-company official spoke of "the industry's Pearl Harbor." From there the script got more familiar: as the heating season approached, the warnings were toned down until, in the closing days of the year, Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb predicted that the shortage once more would cause only inconvenience, not disaster.

The FEA announced that gas supplies would come closer to meeting demand than it had anticipated in October. The revised prediction estimates that potential demand will exceed supply by 21% rather than the previously forecast 23%. Though the 2% difference seems small, it is crucial—just enough to remove the threat of supply cutoffs to industrial plants that can use only natural gas as a fuel. Barring abnormally cold weather, Zarb now says, the only factories and utilities likely to have their gas supplies interrupted are those that can switch to alternative fuels like oil: the clear implication is that gas shortages will not cause any loss of jobs. Home owners, who have top priority on gas deliveries, never did face a threat of cutoffs.

RAIL WORKERS MARCH ON PARLIAMENT



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Two factors have postponed doomsday at least one more year. They are 1) unseasonably mild weather over most of the nation during November and early December, and 2) a Federal Power Commission rule change last fall that permits interstate pipelines this winter to buy gas for shipment to industrial customers at the prices charged within the producing states rather than the unrealistically low ones formerly mandated on interstate shipments. The price of the unregulated intrastate gas ranges from \$1 to \$2 per 1,000 cu. ft.

The backdown on forecasts of disaster may embarrass the Administration, which has been using the threat of drastic shortages as the main argument for a bill to decontrol prices of newly drilled natural gas rapidly and permanently. Last week the FPC granted rate increases that by July will raise the price of "old" gas in production before 1973 by 6¢, to 29½¢ per 1,000 cu. ft. "New" gas from recently developed wells is going up 1¢, to 52¢ per 1,000 cu. ft. But the Administration contends that these rises are insufficient to spur production of natural gas, which even at the highest price sells for less than half as much as the equivalent amount of oil.

The Senate has already passed the White House bill, and the House will debate a similar measure within a few weeks. The Administration's logic is compelling: gas consumption has outrun new discoveries for the past seven years, and U.S. proven reserves have shrunk. The nation can ill afford to let the bill be voted down in a cynical reaction to the penchant of Government and industry officials for overstating the immediate shortage threat. If the bill fails, in some future winter the forecasts of a disastrous shortage, like the proverbial cry of wolf, are likely to come true.

OIL

Venezuela's Own

Jet fighters streaked in formation across the sky; a band struck up the national anthem; and Venezuela's President Carlos Andrés Pérez hoisted a red, yellow and blue tricolor over Venezuela's first commercial oil well on New Year's Day. Then cannon boomed their salute to the flag, whose position atop the well symbolized one of the most gentlemanly nationalizations in history.

The ceremony marked the takeover by a new state-owned holding company, Petróleos de Venezuela (Petroven) of the nation's oil industry, which in 1974 accounted for 50% of Venezuela's gross national product, 86% of its revenues and 97% of its exports. During the debates that led up to nationalization, the government shunned emotional rhetoric and consistently rejected far-left demands that it eject 21 foreign oil companies without compensation. For their part, the companies, headed by Exxon,

accepted with only minimal grumbling a shade over \$1 billion—10% of it in cash and most of the rest in five-year Venezuelan government bonds—for equipment and concessions that they value at \$5 billion. Said one official of the former Exxon subsidiary, Creole Petroleum: "Venezuela has reached the point where it finds foreign control of its chief industry unacceptable and degrading. It would be silly for us to fight."

Joint Ventures. Aside from the replacement of foreign directors by Venezuelans, the most conspicuous immediate changes in the way the oil industry operates in the country will be changes in the names of the companies now under Petroven. Creole Petroleum will become Lagoven; the former Shell subsidiary will be known as Maraven. One cautious provision in the nationalization law even permits Petroven to undertake joint ventures with private foreign companies in any petroleum-related field, such as shipping or exploration.

Venezuela faces problems in running the industry. The most immediate is selling the oil. Foreign companies have agreed to buy 1.5 million bbl. per day for at least the first three months of 1976, but that is about 500,000 bbl. per day short of Petroven's export goal. One reason for the shortfall is Venezuela's refusal to lower crude oil prices below the minimums set by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Another reason is a world-wide glut of petroleum.

An even greater challenge may be finding efficient management. Although the government has placed its new oil monopoly in the hands of experienced businessmen and oil experts—most of them Venezuelans—planners estimate that in the next five years Petroven will need to hire more than 3,000 trained professionals to run its wells and refineries. Venezuela's universities will be hard put to produce that many.

CORPORATIONS

Computer Casualty

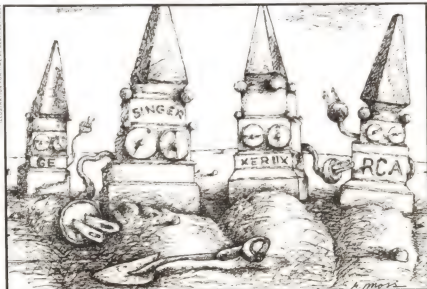
Singer Co. showed such vigor in sewing up new acquisitions during the 1960s that Harvard Business School used it as a case study of successful diversification. Now the 124-year-old sewing-machine firm is trying hard to recover from the financial drain caused by some of its acquisitive deals. Last week Singer President Joseph B. Flavin, who was hired away from Xerox two months ago to help end Singer's deficits (TIME, Nov. 24), got started by dumping the business-machine division. It includes data-processing equipment, electronic cash registers and calculators, and has lost about \$60 million since 1970. Singer thus joins a large number of corporations that have dropped out of the costly, brutally competitive computer business; notably, RCA, which took a pretax write-off of \$490 million in 1971; Xerox Corp., which wrote off \$84.4 million last year, and GE, which got out in 1970.

To cover its eventual losses, Singer will set aside a total of \$400 million. \$325 million is directly related to business machines, the rest to such other money-losing operations as air-conditioning and heating equipment, furniture and industrial sewing. The company has also agreed with its banks not to pay any dividends on common stock during 1976.

The total loss to Singer could be much less than \$400 million. The company may be able to sell its business-machines line to some other corporation, and any price paid would reduce the loss. The line includes computer-linked cash registers, which are used in many department stores and by the Sears, Roebuck chain.

Singer's problems in the field stemmed largely from cost overruns in marketing and servicing. In 1974 it had

THE COMPUTER GRAVEYARD



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

to borrow \$150 million to keep the business-machines division operating. Largely because of red ink there, Singer that year posted a loss of \$10.1 million, its first deficit since 1917. In last year's first nine months, Singer lost another \$36.7 million.

Getting out of computers could save the company up to \$120 million in taxes on future profits. Having already divested the company of a West German mail-order house, an Italian manufacturer of refrigerators and washing machines, a water-treatment equipment firm and a phototypesetting product line, Singer's management is clearly concentrating on reducing a debt that now exceeds \$700 million and increasing earnings that peaked in 1973 at \$94 million on \$2.4 billion in sales. Throughout Singer's fling with multinational conglomerate, its oldest product never stopped making money. In 1974 the consumer-products division, chiefly sewing machines, earned \$34 million and is thought to have turned a profit of \$36 million in 1975.

AIRCRAFT

Small Is Beautiful

In years of severe recession, consumers and businesses put off any purchases that they can, and hardly any purchase would seem more readily postponable than a private plane costing from \$5,000 (for a used Piper Cub) to \$1.6 million (for a new Learjet). But 1975 turned out to be the "general aviation" industry's best year ever. In the twelve months ended last September, sales of private planes jumped 12%, to just over \$1 billion.

The private-plane boom has helped keep the unemployment rate in Kansas, where Cessna (1975 sales: \$491 million) is the biggest private employer, to 4.5%. In Wichita, the home of Beech and Gates Learjet as well as Cessna, the rate is lower still, in fact, Learjet, unable to find enough qualified Wichitans to run its production lines, will open a factory in Tucson this year. Says Cessna Chairman Russell Meyer: "We have kept pinching ourselves—at first it was hard to believe."

Costs Outweighed. Not too hard to explain, however. Three-quarters of all flying time logged by small aircraft is accounted for by business travelers, and corporations buy the lion's share of the most popular planes in each of the industry's principal categories: the Cessna 172 Skyhawk single-engine (1976 price: \$20,750), the Piper Seneca twin-engine (\$75,100) and the Cessna Citation jet (\$845,000). Though the operating costs of small planes are high, many corporations justify the craft as necessities. High fuel and labor costs have compelled airlines to cut back on both flights and routes. Only 425 domestic airports are now served by the commer-

cial carriers, v. 660 a decade ago.

"To travel from New York to Keokuk is getting harder," observes Cessna's Meyer. Keokuk, however, is precisely the kind of place where many executives need to go, as corporations decentralize operations. J. Lynn Helms, president of Piper, based in Lock Haven, Pa., tells of executives of an Ohio company who had to visit a plant in Mississippi several times a week. Their door-to-door travel time was reduced from eleven hours to 3½ hours after the company began flying them direct in its own Piper.

Industry officials believe they also have gained sales at the expense of auto travel. The national 55-m.p.h. highway speed limit, they say, is just too slow for many salesmen. Even some of the smallest, least-expensive craft can cruise at 110 m.p.h.—while getting better than 20 miles to a gallon of fuel.

Noncorporate markets for private planes are also growing. More of the ultra-affluent are buying planes, following the example of Actors Cliff Robertson and Gene Hackman, Country Singer Merle Haggard and Attorney F. Lee Bailey. Learjets and other craft that can fly as high as 45,000 ft. or more are popular for aerial photography and mapping. Small planes are being used to seed crops, salt icy highways, conduct geological surveys, and patrol the nation's coasts. Nearly 30% of the industry's sales are to foreign customers—not surprisingly, since 90% of the world's small planes are made in the U.S. Sales to Af-

rica, Asia and the Middle East have been especially vigorous.

Industry executives, noting a significant increase in the number of student pilots last year, fully expect the performance to continue. Their projections call for 15,000 small planes to be sold in 1976, compared with 14,200 last year, and for dollar sales to rise about 20%, to \$1.2 billion.

There is only one storm cloud: Brazil, long an important market for small U.S. aircraft, has imposed heavy tariffs designed to restrict their importation and encourage its own fledgling domestic general-aviation industry.

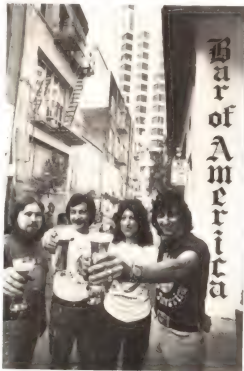
LAWSUITS

The Bar v. the Bank

San Francisco's many old-line bistros offer stiff competition to any newcomer, but the three-month-old Bar of America is booming. Reason: an unintentional publicity lift from the Bank of America, which hit with a lawsuit accusing the bar's owners of confusing the public, thereby cashing in on the reputation of the nation's largest bank. Insists Jerry Dal Bozzo, one of five investors in the bar: "We just thought it was a good name."

In July the investors won approval for a \$40,000 loan from the Bank of America, only to have it withdrawn when the bank found out the intended name. Dal Bozzo *et al.* got the money from Crocker National and opened anyway, on Belden Street, half a block away from the bank's towering headquarters. The Bank of America filed its suit and was promptly razed by Herb Caen, the San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist. The bank went so far as to pull the bar's BankAmericard, then restored it upon discovering that a written agreement authorizing it was in existence.

The proximity of the comfortable, brass-chandeliered bar, say the bank's lawyers, could lead the public to believe that the former is either connected with or endorsed by the latter. Dal Bozzo is rolling along with the momentum. The bar has hired one Mo Giannini as a night manager. The legendary A.P. Giannini (no relation) founded the bank in 1904. Meanwhile, north of the city in Truckee, Calif., there has peacefully existed for almost two years another unrelated Bar of America. Its location: a former Bank of America branch office.



DAL BOZZO (FAR RIGHT) WITH COLLEAGUES
Also, a Giannini as night manager.



REPOLE & SEIDEL IN EDDIE

Jolly Honeymooners

VERY GOOD EDDIE

Music by JEROME KERN

Book by GUY BOLTON

Lyrics by SCHUYLER GREENE

Revels of stage Americana will be prominent in all the nation's theaters this year. Last week New York was treated to three such revivals that were done with mettle some excellence.

Threescore years ago, Jerome Kern and Guy Bolton brought forth on Broadway a thoroughly beguiling musical. It retains all of its charm, innocence and naughty-nice merriment in the current David Merrick revival. Theatrically, 1915 must have been a very good year if it produced shows like *Very Good Eddie*.

Short v. Tall. The plot is Simon simple; yet it has all the engaging velocity of a Feydeau farce. Two short and jolly people, Eddie Kettle (Charles Repole) and Elsie Darling (Virginia Seidel), have just got married to two very tall and stuffy people, Georgina Kettle (Spring Fairbank) and Percy Darling (Nicholas Wyman). Precipitately, the foursome is separated as the two short people sail on a Hudson River excursion liner, and the tall people miss the boat. The couples reunite at the upriver Honeymoon Inn, where the explanations get hot, long and sticky, tempers get short, and the fun gets frantic. Among the funsters is a voice teacher (Travis Hudson) who resembles Margaret Dumont of Marx Bros. film renown.

Very Good Eddie is a picture-postcard show, done without a single lapse of style. Kern's songs are sprightly and un-hackneyed, Greene's lyrics are clever, and Dan Siretta's dances are period perfect. Everyone deserves the pleasure of this able cast's dandy company, and David Merrick, who used to send out macabre holiday cards, is obviously wishing all of us a happy '76. **T.E. Kalem**

Magnificent Obsession

THE ROYAL FAMILY

by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and EDNA FERBER

This vintage comedy tells us what we always want to be retold about theater folk: they are an unpredictable, incestuously inbred and insidiously attractive breed whose only natural habitat is the stage, whether they are on it or off.

That is what *The Royal Family*, one of the smash hits of 1927, is all about, and it is being given a grand, ebullient revival at Manhattan's Helen Hayes Theater. *The Royal Family* is graced with performances that are almost too good to be true. The settings (Oliver Smith) are right, the costumes (Ann Roth) are right, and Ellis Rabb's direction hits just the right pitch of flamboyant extraversion that constitutes the temper of the play.

The royal clan derives from the Barrymores, with echoes of the Drews. The *grande dame* who wields the scepter in this kingdom is Fanny Cavendish (Eva Le Gallienne), an ailing titaness of the footlights with the tongue of an asp and a heart of melting butter. But pandemonium is really the ruler of the realm. Fanny's son Tony (George Grizzard) preens like a lion before his own mirror, but process servers from Hollywood are nipping at his Achilles' heels.

Daughter Julie (Rosemary Harris) and Granddaughter Gwen (Mary Layne) have dabbled in or are toying with an actress's favorite form of early retirement—marriage. Harris, of course, is one of the most impeccable comedienne of the English-speaking stage and has the kind of exquisite timing that might make a Swiss watch blush.

There is an earnest, greedy producer, Oscar (Sam Levene), with a treacherous streak of total affection for the Cavendishes. And that's not the end of it, by half. In 1927 they did not have to count the cast. *A Royal Family* is a love letter to the theater and those who, contrary to all sound reason, persist in loving it. **T.E.K.**

Flee as a Bird

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

The Glass Menagerie is Williams' portrait of the artist as a young man. It is a family play, and as almost everyone learns sooner or later, home means both heart and hurt. In the home of the Wingfields, modeled on Williams' own, there is the memory of the absent father, the telephone-company man who "fell in love with long distance." The suffocating mother, Amanda, uses up all the oxygen in any room she enters. The crippled sister, Laura, is as fragile as her

tiny glass animals, and the task of the artist-to-be, Tom, is to break out of this enmeshing spider web if he is to salvage his own soul.

Except for *Our Town*, there is no play better known to Americans than *The Glass Menagerie*; the audience becomes a casting director and makes rather exacting judgments. Maureen Stapleton is not quite right for Amanda. She is incapable of conveying the proper air of gentility, and she lacks somewhat the valiancy and authority Amanda should possess.

Rip Torn, always an exciting stage presence, is just right for Tom. He never lets the moody dreamer erode the spiky will to escape and achieve. While a trifle too young for the part, Paul Rudd as the "gentleman caller" captures a quality that is very difficult to project from a stage, the kindness of the man.

Doe at Bay. Pamela Payton-Wright's Laura is hauntingly evocative, a vision of a doe at bay. An actress who has done varied parts in the past several years, she is a pointillist who composes every dot in a role into a harmonic whole. When she releases the driving passion she seems to possess, she may become an actress of immense power. She could be a marvelous St. Joan, a Hedda Gabler or a Lady Macbeth.

Thanks to Director Ted Mann and his troupe of accomplished players, this revival finds our greatest living playwright in the best possible hands. **T.E.K.**

PAYTON-WRIGHT IN MENAGERIE





BERTRAND RUSSELL, WITH DAUGHTER KATE TO HIS IMMEDIATE LEFT, ROMPING WITH PUPILS AT HIS BEACON HILL SCHOOL DURING THE EARLY 1930S

The Pleasure Principia

THE LIFE OF BERTRAND RUSSELL
by RONALD W. CLARK
766 pages. Knopf, \$17.50.

MY FATHER, BERTRAND RUSSELL
by KATHARINE TAIT
211 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
\$8.95.

THE TAMARISK TREE
by DORA RUSSELL
304 pages. Putnam, \$9.95.

The mathematician-philosopher Bertrand Russell was a child's delight, full of games and good spirits and tall tales. As the Pied Piper of Cairn Voel, his country retreat on the Cornwall coast, he used to lead his young followers on hunts for the ingredients of a special home brew—a concoction of stagnant water, mold, dead leaves, old grass and whatever other unsavories could be dredged up at the moment. The slop, labeled "Poison for the Government," was then poured in tobacco tins and left to stew in the sun. Russell's daughter Kate says that the game was one of her father's ways of teaching his children that everything the government did was "completely misguided if not deliberately wicked." The game also indicates the degree of pleasure—both principled and perverse—that Russell derived from his nearly lifelong role as the loyal opposition to all forms of authority.

About 1950 Russell suddenly became respectable. For his prolific output of technical and popular philosophy, social criticism and history, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature and England's Order of Merit. Such respectability made the inveterate outsider in Russell uneasy. Occasionally, those be-

stowing the honors were uncomfortable too. As he was decorating the philosopher imp with the Order of Merit, King George euphemistically remarked, "You have sometimes behaved in a way that would not do if generally adopted."

In his voluminous *Life*, Biographer Ronald Clark presents the full range of Russell's behavior that would not do: the grandson of a former Prime Minister, standing for Parliament in 1907 as the first candidate of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies; going to prison for pacifist activities during World War I, and leaving a wife behind in England in 1921 while he went to China for a year with another woman—Dora Black, the future second Mrs. Russell. Nor would it do when in 1927 Bertrand and Dora opened up Beacon Hill, a progressive school where children were allowed to roam the grounds naked and taught how to be good, goddess creators of the earth.

Pink Ribbons. The tut-tutting spread to America in 1929, when he published *Marriage and Morals*. A defense of free love, the book caused an uproar in 1940 when Russell—then living in the United States with his third wife—was offered a professorship at the City College of New York. The case against Russell's appointment was tried—and won—in the state supreme court, where the prosecution argued that Russell was "lecherous, libidinous, lustful, venerous, erotomaniac, aphrodisiac, irreverent, narrow-minded, and bereft of moral fiber."

Definitely aphrodisiac, he was able to win four wives and countless other women who remained unwed. Russell was also able to keep them enthralled decades after he had abandoned them. In her 80s, Alys Pearsall Smith, the prim American Quaker who had been Rus-

sell's first wife, still pinned pink ribbons in her hair for his visits.

Even more telling is Dora Russell's *The Tamarisk Tree*. Although Dora has lived a full and active life during the 45 years since her divorce, the autobiography she published this fall ends at the point of Russell's departure. Sadly, the book reads like a prolonged apology for the fact that Russell left her, as if that called her worth rather than his capacity to love into question.

Perfect Woman. In his attempt to be dutifully definitive, Biographer Clark plods doggedly, day by day, through all 98 years of Russell's life from his miserably unhappy childhood spent in the morbid solitude of his grandmother's house ("She would call me by mistake the names of people who were dead") to his final years as the thundering, latter-day Ezekiel of the nuclear disarmament movement. The result is a work that is more thorough than thoughtful.

Although far less ambitious and comprehensive than Clark's biography, *My Father, Bertrand Russell* succeeds better in bringing the man into focus. Katharine Tait, Russell's daughter by Dora, understands what linked the brilliant young nationalist of the *Principia Mathematica* (who with his teacher Whitehead and his student Wittgenstein redirected modern philosophy away from German idealism) to the political and sexual provocateur of later years. "All his life he sought perfection: perfect mathematical truth, perfect philosophical clarity, a perfect formula for society, and a perfect woman to live with in a perfect human relationship."

Bertrand Russell insisted on living in the best of all possible worlds and responded to imperfection as if it were a personal insult to his intelligence. That stubbornness made him the pain in the neck par excellence of modern

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BOOKS

times. Or perhaps, as Tait speculates, it made him a sort of saint—"God's gadfly, sent to challenge the smugness of the churches with a righteousness greater than their own." *Le Anne Schreiber*

Russia's Magic Spring

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES

Collected by ALEXANDER AFANASEV

Translated by NORBERT GUTERMAN

662 pages, Pantheon, \$12.95.

Ivan the Terrible, who suffered from insomnia and, perhaps, a bad conscience, kept three blind old men to tell him fairy stories during the long nights in the Kremlin palace. For at least seven centuries in Russia, czars, noblemen, merchants and peasants sought diversion in the wondrous *skazki*, the folk tales told by itinerant bards who passed on their treasure from generation to generation.

There was little else to amuse the Russians. While the rest of Europe was spawning Dante, Chaucer and Rabelais, recorded literature in Russia until the 18th century consisted mainly of sermons, lives of saints and other edifying ecclesiastical texts. The oral folk tradition in Russia was truly a magic spring. As in the fairy tale, it flowed inexhaustibly, reviving, consoling and enlightening all who partook of it.

Cockroach Milk. When Russia burst triumphantly into literary history in the 19th century, it was hardly surprising that most of her great writers were steeped in folklore. "Each one is a poem!" said Pushkin, who, like Gogol, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy, used folk tales as vital elements in his work. The selection of folk tales in this English volume was made from Alexander Afanasev's classic mid-19th century collection. First published in the U.S. 30 years ago, the book has now been reprinted under the somewhat misleading rubric *Russian Fairy Tales*. Actually, the stories include animal fables and laconic anecdotes illustrating some scrap of peasant wisdom.

Although folk tales throughout the world bear an uncanny and unexplained family resemblance, many of these stories have an outlandish ingenuity that marks them as uniquely Russian. Take, for example, the tale of the peasant Bukhtan, whose habitation was "a stove built on pillars in the middle of a field. He lay on the stove up to his elbows in cockroach milk." Since it is axiomatic in folk tales that the more wretched a peasant, the better his chances of making good, Bukhtan naturally ends up marrying the Czar's daughter.

Foxes in Russian fables are foxier than any imagined by La Fontaine. One tries to lure his prey out of a tree by an impassioned appeal for public morality: "O chanticleer, my beloved child! You are sitting on a tall tree and thinking thoughts that are evil and accursed. You cocks keep many wives: some of you

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NBC

have as many as ten of them, some twenty, some thirty, with time their number reaches even forty! Come down to the ground, my beloved child, and do penance." Another crafty appeal has an oddly contemporary ring. Says fox to cock: "You should see my collection of curios! If I wanted to eat you I would have done so long ago. The truth is I like you. I want to show you the world, to develop your mind, to teach you how to live."

Russian giants somehow seem more gigantic than they do elsewhere. Here is one having a snack: "Tugarin Zmeovich, Son of the Dragon, put one loaf of bread in one cheek, another in the other cheek, and then he put a whole swan on his tongue, pushed it in with a pancake and swallowed everything in one gulp."

Peasant Formula. Russian tales in the oral tradition have a distinctive diction, which is here brilliantly rendered by the translator, Norbert Guterman. This involves such conventions as repetition and introductory and concluding flourishes. The traditional "and they lived happily ever after" may be replaced by the more homely peasant formula, "They celebrated their wedding, and are still alive to this very day and chewing bread." Many stories end with a hint by the storyteller that he is hungry and thirsty after his labors: "There's a tale for you and a crock of butter for me." "I was at their wedding and drank beer and wine: it ran down my mustache but did not go into my mouth." "And the knight married the princess Paliusha and gave a most wonderful feast. I dined and drank merrily with them, and their cabbage was toothsome. Even now I could eat some!" The birds, bless them, deserved it. **Patricia Blake**

be paid by another proud tradition. The Cree Indians—and still smaller groups of Inuit Eskimos, who inhabit the vast subarctic regions of northern Quebec—numbered about 10,000. When word of the James Bay Project filtered along the trap lines and river banks, the Cree sent a delegation to Montreal to protest. They gathered in an overheated courtroom with a lawyer named O'Reilly to argue that damming the seven great rivers of their "garden" would not only cut off their livelihood but destroy their culture.

In a hearing conducted in French, English and Cree, it soon became clear that the Indians' livelihood and culture were inseparable. As members of the last cohesive hunting societies in North America, they lived in a vital, even re-

Playboy. But as the case progressed, it became apparent that the cultural gulf between Indian and white was immense. Asked by the court to give his address, a puzzled Job Bearskin could only answer, "I have come from what I have survived on."

Strangers Devour the Land is full of such natural poetry. By contrast, the numbers and statistics of economists and engineers and the jargon of sociologists and bureaucrats add up to a stultifying litany. Boyce Richardson, a New Zealand journalist, skillfully blends both sides in his documentary about the crisis of a culture. The cumulative effect of his book is like being overtaken by a glacier. Even when describing the rich life in a Cree hunting camp, where he produced an award-winning film, Richardson cannot really mask his sense of fatalism. He accepts the fact that the Indians must give ground. The dominant culture naturally asserts its necessities, even though they may go hand in hand with waste and inefficiency. The James Bay Project has already been muddled by corruption scandals and enormous cost overruns.

Paper Promises. By any historical standard, the outcome of the Indian case could have been worse. Last month the Cree and Inuit agreed to relinquish all claims to their vast lands in return for \$225 million, plus specific hunting, fishing and trapping rights and some voice in the governing and development of the region. But there remain Indians still unsatisfied by the deal—and who can wholly blame them? It is one of the laws governing the balance of human nature that paper and promises erode much faster than real estate. **R. Z. Sheppard**



CREE WOMAN WITH WHITEFISH
The balance of human nature.

ligious relationship with the animals they chased and ate. A Cree family band ranges over hundreds of square miles, fishing and hunting with the strict procedures and skill that amount to ritual. Bear bones, for example, are never thrown to the dogs. The Cree believe that animals shun being captured by people who show disrespect.

Attorneys representing the province of Quebec found all this quaint but irrelevant. Their argument was simple, traditional and arrogant how could a handful of primitives in a vast wilderness stand in the way of progress? The government also tried to persuade the judge that Cree and Eskimos were eagerly embracing the white man's ways. Considerable effort was made to produce a witness who had seen Indians eating Kentucky Fried Chicken.

As it happened, there were natives who lived in towns, drank gin and read

The Frozen Garden

STRANGERS DEVOUR THE LAND
by BOYCE RICHARDSON
342 pages, Knopf, \$12.50.

It is a measure of American priorities that Paul Bunyan never served a day for raping Mother Nature. He became, in fact, a hero, his exploits serving as the wishful equivalents of a developing technology whose bulldozers, logging sleds and chain saws would eventually dwarf the feats of any legendary giant. Compared with the James Bay Development Corp., for example, Bunyan might have been playing in a sandbox.

In 1971, the Quebec government-run corporation announced plans to transform an area nearly the size of California with a series of dams and reservoirs. The goal was to increase Canada's electrical output by 30% and stimulate the province's economy. There was also a good deal of cultural pride at stake. To the Quebecois, the project was an economic extension of a struggle to strengthen French identity. Ironically, the price would have to

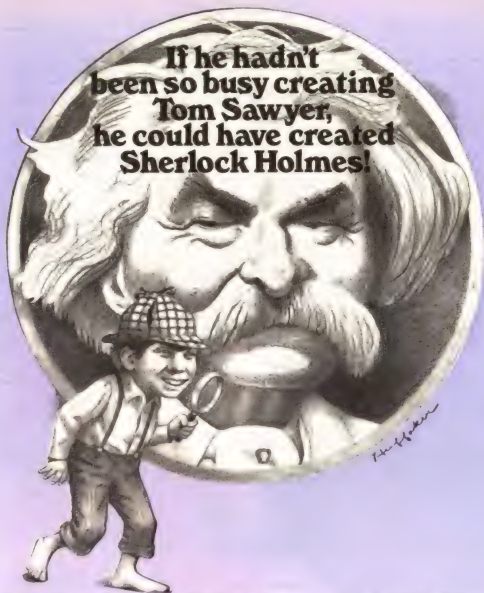
Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Curtain, Christie (1 last week)
- 2—Ragtime, Doctorow (2)
- 3—The Greek Treasure, Stone (3)
- 4—The Choirboys, Wambaugh (4)
- 5—In the Beginning, Pelek (5)
- 6—Shogun, Clavell (8)
- 7—Humboldt's Gift, Bell (7)
- 8—The Eagle Has Landed, Higgins (10)
- 9—Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rosner (6)
- 10—Nightwork, Shaw (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Relaxation Response, Benson (2)
- 2—Bring On the Empty Horses, Niven (1)
- 3—Angels, Graham (7)
- 4—Sylvia Porter's Money Book, Porter (3)
- 5—The People's Almanac, Wallachinsky & Wallace (4)
- 6—The Ascent of Man, Branwell (5)
- 7—Memoirs, Williams (6)
- 8—Life Goes to the Movies
- 9—My Life, Meir (10)
- 10—The New Yorker Album of Drawings (9)



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THURSDAY, JANUARY 8
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 9
"The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg" starring Fred Gwynne.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10
"The Stolen White Elephant"
starring Robert Dryden

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GOYA'S MADNESS, c. 1801-03, & DELACROIX'S WATERCOLOR OF A TIGER, LATE 1820s

ART

Morgan's New Riches

Every kind of art collecting, from medieval ivories to Matisse's, is always assumed to have had its golden age, a time when marvelous things were plentiful, and almost cheap. By definition, that age is always gone.

Nowhere does this folk wisdom seem truer than in the field of master drawings. The springs have certainly dwindled. Fifty years ago, the appearance on the auction block of a sheet by one of the great father figures of 15th and 16th century drawing—Dürer, Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo—was not uncommon. Today one would hardly be more surprised if a live dodo waddled into the Parke-Bernet auction room. Drawings also are not a young man's hobby; they demand a degree of patient connoisseurship (tinged with philatelic mania) that only the old usually have. But late last month a remarkable disproof of the rule went on show at Manhattan's Pierpont Morgan Library: a group of 115 works from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene V. Thaw.

Thaw, 47, is probably the most successful private art dealer of his generation. His special interest as a collector, however, is master drawings, which he began to buy in the early '50s. The whole collection—including numerous works by Fra Bartolomeo, Rembrandt, the Tiepolos, Rubens, Claude, Watteau, Goya, Degas and Cézanne—is to be given to the Morgan Library, and this is its first public viewing. Through 1976 it will be seen, after the Morgan showing, at the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the National Gallery of Canada.

The show is not, and could not pretend to be, a history or compendium of drawing. As a collector, Thaw admits his bigotries, and one of them is antipathy to Italian baroque. But in his favorite areas, particularly the 19th cen-



WATTEAU'S WOMAN LYING ON A CHAISE LONGUE, c. 1717
Also, hooked squiggles and upholstered vultures.

tury, an exquisitely sure taste has been at work. One would have to go some distance before finding drawings as good as Cézanne's big study of a card player, in which the pencil strokes endow every plane of flesh and fold of cloth with the crystalline solidity of gray limestone; or Daumier's brace of lawyers, whispering together like upholstered vultures.

The pleasure of looking at drawings has something in common with voyeurism. It lies in the feeling that one is privy to an artist's thought. This is perhaps an illusion, since the processes of hand and mind that conspire to make a great drawing are no less elusive than those that make a painting. Yet, the fact remains, drawings may seem more revealing just because they are less "finished." Traditionally, a painting is a rounded utterance, decisive and final in every particular. But to see how that speech was constructed, one turns to the drawings and studies. Here is Rembrandt, in *The Finding of Moses* (one of half a dozen

Rembrandts in the collection), beginning to array his whole cast of characters by the river bank, setting them down in the hooked squiggles and blots of a reed pen—pure calligraphy, astounding in its vigor. Here is Watteau, constructing with red and black chalk an exact equivalent of the shimmer of light over flesh, muslin and stiff satin that so gripped him in painting. Here is Tiepolo's delight in wide, airy high space working as effectively in a brisk pen-and-wash sketch as on a Venetian ceiling.

The connections are of imagery as well as of handwriting. An essential, indeed an obsessive, side of Goya is disclosed in the drawings on show by that master: blind beggars, stumpy as turnips, caterwauling for alms in the street; an old woman mumbling to her cat; a man in a clownish cap behind a railing, staring from the page with a dreadful mixture of rhetoric and solipsism, entitled simply *Lecura*—madness. To see Delacroix's watercolor sketch of a tiger, lying on some imaginary ridge in Algeria with the ripples of its striped back imitating the profile of mountains in the background, is to be reminded how that animal—an embodiment of natural force to the Romantics—was for Delacroix akin to a self-portrait.

Over and over, this show makes the point that drawing is not a slight activity, that small scale can concentrate the presence of an image, just as large scale can expand it. As the Morgan Library moves into its second half-century as a public institution, one could hardly wish it a more delectable present than the Thaw collection.

Robert Hughes



IRELAND'S CHIEFTAINS TAKING THE AIR TOGETHER IN THE OLD COUNTRY: BELL, FAY, POTTS, MOLONEY, KEANE, TUBRIDY, MERCIER

MUSIC

Piping Hot and Cool

Sean Potts and Sean Keane work for the Irish post office. Martin Fay is a purchasing agent for a Dublin electronics company. Paddy Moloney is an administrator. Derek Bell has been an orchestral harp player for ten years. Peadar Mercier is a construction foreman and the father of ten children. Michael Tubridy is a consulting engineer. They are, in short, about as average a bunch as any country can produce and not the usual candidates for pop stardom. But when they sit down together to play, they are something else again: the Chieftains, Ireland's leading folk band.

No Lullabies. Their music is climbing the pop charts in England, which is surprising—not because they are Irish, but because they sing no songs and instead spin out purified instrumentals of the reel, jig, slide, Kerry polka and other such traditional forms. On their last two visits to London, they packed Albert Hall. Midway through a three-week American tour in November, they sold out Avery Fisher Hall at New York City's Lincoln Center, where young Irish-Americans danced jubilantly in the aisles. Last week they were back in Manhattan to highlight an all-Irish program at Carnegie Hall. They are also getting transatlantic exposure through their soundtrack performances for Stanley Kubrick's new film, *Barry Lyndon* (TIME cover, Dec. 15). After 15 years of semiprofessional status, the Chieftains seem to have arrived.

"We thought we'd let things build up," says Moloney, the group's leader. And they have. Britain's foremost pop paper, *Melody Maker*, has named the Chieftains not just the folk group of 1975, but the Group of the Year—"for making unfashionable music fashion-

able." Actually, what the Chieftains play derives from music that has been fashionable in Ireland for centuries and comes as close as anything to being the classical music of Eire.

It is not the lullabies of a John McCormack or the beery ballads of the Clancy Brothers. "No Mother Machree and all that sort of garbage," says Moloney. As can be heard on their new LP, *Chieftains 5* (Island Records), or the *Barry Lyndon* sound-track album (Warner Bros.), the Chieftains' music consists of dances and airs played on tin whistles (surprisingly debonair in sound), bones (animal), the bodhran (a goatskin drum), fiddles, harps, an oboe and, most glorious of all, the Irish bagpipes, more precisely known as the uilleann (elbow) pipes. Unlike Scottish bagpipes, which are breath-blown, the Irish pipes are pumped by a bellows under the right arm of the player, who must be able to finger and pump at the same time.

The music of the Chieftains is an amalgam of two distinct Irish traditions: the single-voiced, unaccompanied pipe tunes of the folk people, and the richer, harmonized rustle of the Irish harp. It is the careful blending of the two that gives the Chieftains their special sound. Superficially, that sound seems fairly unsophisticated, resembling something halfway between a Renaissance dance ensemble and a bluegrass band. Bluegrass, of course, owes much to British folk music.

Sheer, unabashed virtuosity is the Chieftains' strongest selling point, whether they are piping hot or cool. When they take off together on a mad-cap reel or jig, the effect is electrifying. Similarly, a tin-whistle solo by Potts or a melancholy lament on the pipes by Moloney can create the tenderest of moments. Up on stage, the Chieftains look

less like a band than a group of old friends taking some Saturday-night relaxation in a Dublin pub, which indeed they used to do in their early years. They wander out haphazardly in sweaters, odd jackets and tweed pants, sit in a big semicircle, tap their feet and boast to the audience that Irish music is "the best in the world."

They know that their act lacks polish, and they do not care a whit. The music is what counts. Anything else would be mere show business. Says Moloney: "We can go back to our jobs any time. We know exactly what we want and we're not going to do it any other way." The pop world may just not have seen the Chieftains' like before.

Peaceful Ending

The conflict went right down to the final curtain, as it tends to do in opera. Just before the New Year's Eve performance of *Tosca* last week, the members of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra voted 72-5 to accept a new contract proposal given them only hours before. If they had voted no and struck, the result could have been disastrous for the financially plagued Met (TIME, Dec. 29). The musicians, who were paid a minimum of \$385 a week, had asked for a one-year 12% pay increase; they accepted an 11% raise spread over this season and next. The musicians also agreed to a seven-week decrease in guaranteed work from 51 weeks a year to 44, but won a Met agreement to pay hefty unemployment benefits if necessary during all "lost" weeks. The ill will between labor and management that was so prevalent during the latter days of the Rudolf Bing regime at the Met was said to be almost nonexistent this time. That may have been the greatest gain of all.

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